

## The Critic

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## A Poet of the Country.

THERE are poets in every neighborhood, or at least there is usually one poet. Poetry is relative, and there is hardly a county in the country, nowadays, that is not able to afford some man or woman who can write verse that is as good at least as that doggerel which is studded into better prose in such composite works as Captain John Smith's History and 'Purchas His Pilgrims'—as good, perhaps, as the much-admired verses in the almanacs of the colonial days. The more provincial a region is, the more certainly does it produce such poets, because the provincial people are able to give the poet admiration without any scruples of conscience or qualms of better taste. Very often the local poet rises out of doggerel ballads into a region like that of the literary annuals of our youth—a region of clever imitation, in which he is able to receive and repeat with effusion second-hand sentiments and thoughts drawn from some popular poet of the magazines. This kind of production seems at first glance to be poetry; but one soon finds that it is only the echo of poetry—the pale moon-beam reflected from some remote sun.

When I first came to the Lake George country, some years ago, I used to hear my neighbor, Mr. O. C. Auringer, spoken of as a poet. He is a farmer, living in a pleasant brick cottage on the southeastern foot-slope of French Mountain, where he can see the beautiful valley of the upper Hudson stretching away to the southern horizon, and look over the rolling land clean off to the Green Mountains, forty miles to the eastward. Round Pond is like a gem in the near landscape, and Glen Lake shows its lovely sinuosities of land and shore nearer at hand; while the Coon's Den peak of French Mountain casts its afternoon shadow across his farm. Certainly if scenery could make a poet, Mr. Auringer might well be one. I thought it impossible, however, that a man of real poetic gift should have developed here, where schools are poor, where religious teaching is of a narrow kind, and where there are neither libraries nor literary association. But the first piece of Mr. Auringer's verse which fell under my eye showed, not the inarticulate ballad-monger, nor yet the smoother echo of other people's poetic fancies, but a man with a real inspiration of his own.

One test of originality in a poet is his ability to see the poetic in his own little world. The echo-poet praises that which he has never seen or heard, or at least has never really felt. I found that my neighbor, the farmer-poet of French Mountain, carried a philosopher's stone of his own, and was able to transmute into gold the world of toil in which he lived. This little Glen Lake, familiarly known in the speech of the country as 'the long pond,' and regarded chiefly as a good place to catch pickerel and bass, had lost none of its beauty to Mr. Auringer by life-long familiarity. The pretty sheet of water is the subject of many a picture or passing allusion in his verses. The poetic impulse must be strong and genuine in one who could write such lines as these that follow, to express his emotions on beholding at twilight a sheet of water in sight of which he had milked his cows and followed his plow from boyhood:

How still she lies!  
A bride in all her wedding splendor dressed,

After the day's sweet tumult and surprise  
Laid soft in rest.

'Twixt low hills peaked  
Hangs the bepainted couch on which she lies,  
Pillowed with mist and curtained by the streaked  
Delightful skies.

I must quote two other stanzas from this poem on 'Glen Lake at Twilight'—the one for the Elizabethan prettiness of the fancy with which the thought of bridal rest is carried out, the other for its revelation of the poet's inner life:

In white undress  
The moon, with two shy children at her side,  
Looks down on her with matron tenderness  
Regret and pride.

From thee, still lake,  
Passes the shadow of a peace unguessed  
Of all the dreamless world, substance to take  
In this sure breast.

The most of Mr. Auringer's poetry has this mark of originality, that it grows naturally from something in his own life and surroundings. Many of his verses show a lack in technique; he often betrays a want of familiarity with well-known rules taught in books of rhetoric; and some of his pieces fail to rise out of the commonplace. These things are inevitable under the circumstances. But he is a student of good literature as well as of nature and his own heart, and he is not yet in middle-life. His advancement has been rapid in the last few years; and, if he had developed a critical sense equal to his creative power, he would be able, even now, to rank high among our poets.

The one episode in his life was his youthful service in the Navy, during the later years of the War, I think. Thus it happens that the sea finds a large place in the verses of a mountain poet, as in the nervous lines entitled 'A Reminding Shell,' which begin:

Of as I walk beside the sea,  
I stoop and catch a shell from off the sand  
Up to my ear, and lo! a melody  
Rolls from its haunted chambers, strong and grand,  
That stills me to a statue where I stand;  
One thrilling moment, and I am again  
That fierce young heathen, who in bygone years,  
Stood up and battled with the hurricane,  
Strode in amidst the tempest's lifted spears,  
And struck his wild harp in the ocean's ears.

Mr. Auringer is a very modest man, and I doubt if he has ever ventured to offer his naïve but often lovely poems in the great magazine market. They have appeared in his home paper, the *Glen's Falls Messenger*, and of late several of them have been sent as contributions to the *Springfield Republican*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Home Journal* of Boston, and other city papers, where they have been cordially received. I wish I had by me for quotation some others of his poems, the effect of which lingers like music in my memory. Such is the one on 'George Eliot and Carlyle.' But the point of this article is made, if I shall have interested the reader in this sturdy growth of the real poetic gift without any favor from circumstances.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

## Literature

## William Gilmore Simms.\*

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, whose work, in every form of fiction reached out successfully for readers into every State of the Union, was always more popular with the masses than with the moralists. Like a true Southerner, he dealt in the bloodier phases of human passion, and the scent of gore was so strong, and death-dealing villainy so rampant and unmitigated, in his romances, that the nostril of the cultivated classes was offended; but down among the less fastidious, he always had a host of admirers. Private libraries in the North may have been opened for 'The Yemassee' and 'Mellichampe' and half-a-dozen of the historical tales; but the public libraries of New England were as redolent of Simms as of Cooper, and their patrons called oftener for each of these writers than for Scott. Now, however, when the highly-polished, but more deadly Zolaesque style has invaded every department of light literature,—when Swinburne and Oscar Wilde compete with Tennyson and Longfellow, when the stealthy, but clever, French society intrigue, and the thinly-coated over-ripeness of Parisian morals, usurp the place of the honest old English drama,—the homespun reader who still loves to see virtue

\*The Works of William Gilmore Simms. Illustrated. Library Edition. 50 vols. \$12.50. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

successful and vice in ruins, may take to Simms with something like refreshment. He regaled us with every sort of violation of public law and morals. Every cunning device of secret knavery and open war was brought into requisition in the management of his stories; but there he stopped. He never labored to make vice dainty, or handled sin as if he loved it. Love and burning hate and every savage passion were exhibited in forms coarse enough. Murder rode up and down, like Death on the White Horse; but it was unmitigated murder—murder in the first degree, without any chicanery of the law to make it respectable in the eyes of the jury. Every virtuous force in society was enlisted to put it down, and the social forces seldom failed of a triumph.

Simms was eminently patriotic, and breathed the intensest Revolutionary spirit. That was an air native to the South. Treason in those days was to be made odious—certainly, as far as Simms could make it so. He had none of the spirit of Beverley Tucker, who did his best to make a new form of treason, then springing up in the South, a home duty. In Simms the rage for pillage and rapine were duly assigned to the Tory, who was the enemy of mankind as well as of the Continental Congress. If this was not justice, it was patriotism. The heart of the good citizen was cheered, and no side-blow was anywhere administered to what the best of us considered the national virtues. In these days, when our hearts go out to our neighbors rather more than to ourselves,—when our novelists find the virtues almost an alien fruit, and all the graces foreign,—such a patriotic fervor as that which animated Simms' writings would perhaps be considered partisan. It is kinder, we think, to physic the nation a bit. We are getting so cosmopolitan that we are almost ashamed to paint the face of a friend beautiful any more. Simms was full of the old-fashioned narrowness of vision, and, it must be confessed, to some of us it is refreshing to go back and push through the swamps of the Carolinas with Marion and Sumter to get a blow at a villainous, wicked Tory. Friendship, too, and love, faithfulness, personal devotion, courage and skill, even though the latter was sometimes merged in craft and cunning, were the staple of the Southern novelist. He knew thoroughly the chivalric side of the heart of youth, and was a good deal bolder in playing upon certain warlike chords in this theme than we of the North thought conducive to the peaceful repose of the community, and we can even now find a virtue in this boldness, only by comparison. It was better, for instance, than touching too much on the chord of intrigue, of illicit passion and sensual delights—a sort of musical accompaniment altogether too much in harmony with natural proclivities. Simms was never morbid in this sense. He loved chastity, and his heroines were models of purity. He was chivalrous, and his heroes protected without tarnishing the lovely. One might dread the development of a species of woodcraft, of adventure, and of tricky subterfuge, by the reading of Simms's romances; but, in placing his works in the home library, one would not fear their effect on the purity of family life.

When we think of these novels as works of art, it would be unfair to compare them with those of our day. They have none of those finer excellences which the artist in literary work loves. They are hasty, inelegant, unpolished. The passions are not studied in the analytical school. They are pushed in head-foremost. They ride rough-shod. They are the passions which the admiring boy loves to read about, rather than those modified and restrained ones which we are accustomed to find in the more polished communities. They are romantic, in other words—made more or less to order, not made finely to fit a refined condition of society. They are coarse and rough, for service in war-time. Still, when we compare Simms, as we should, with Kennedy, Cooper, Neal and Hoffman, of the old school, we shall find in him a more artistic sense. There is less resort to an ingenious imagination. One accepts his heroes and heroines with less compunction of conscience than one gets in swallowing the Leather Stockings and Horse Shoe Robinsons. The persons are not so redolent of good nature and human kindness as Cooper's. Simms made them men of woodcraft and soldierly stuff, but he did not try, as Cooper sometimes did, to introduce them into the pulpit, to make them do service in the wilderness as Christian missionaries. They were too busy in tracking out refugees or in rescuing forlorn maidens. Cooper's moral purpose was a higher one, and his range was in a better atmosphere; but his artistic sense was inferior; and while we loved his persons, we winked at the curious methods by which the author won for them our love. We allowed him to make drafts on our credulity for which Simms seldom asked. The latter kept closely within the possible, and had the ingenuity to make the possible seem the actual. The woodcraft of his heroes was varied and ingenious, but it was not quite so superhuman as that of the Pathfinder. He was less jovial and warm-hearted, less humorous, less neighborly than Cooper. He had far less glow, less of the purely human good-fellowship which wins the reader's affection for his persons, and, for many reasons, he was unlikely to win over the fastidious; but he was a better student of life and passion, a better painter of fierce and gloomy heroes, a better war-painter and historical novelist.

We call attention to these things partly because the issuance of a new edition of his principal works makes this a proper time to recall the virtues of one of the most representative of the old writers, and partly because the comparative value of the old method and a new one which is largely impregnated with foreign elements is now up for discussion.

#### "Errors in the Use of English."

WHILE IT CANNOT be denied that some good comes of works like this, and while it is most disrespectful to laugh in the presence of a book by one recently deceased, the humor of the situation is too much for ordinary mortals. Here is a follower of Breen, Alford, Moon and Gould going over much the same ground in much the same way, except that he has their incredible blunders to note and the spicy expositions of their nonsense by Fitzedward Hall to place in his pages. What a singular tongue is that called English when so many laborious and learned men can convict each other of the grossest mistakes in the very sentences which they wrote to prove to the world that they and they only knew the English language in its perfection and purity. Mr. Hodgson repeats many of the hollow thunders against 'Americanisms' which used to be the stock in trade of half-educated university graduates in London and Edinburgh. But he likewise prints chapter and verse supplied by such sound workmen as Hall whereby it appears that the Americanisms were the best of English in that age when literature and speech were most vigorous and national. In his turn Mr. Hodgson must bear against himself the laugh with which Moon and Alford were greeted. On the first page of his introduction, in laughing at the slip of another writer, he says: 'But the notion of gallants painting their lady-loves a brilliant pink is not so easily forgotten, and, so long as it is kept in mind, this blunder of Isaac D'Israeli's attests the need, as the task of correcting it shows a mode of arranging one's words in lucid order.' And this is an example of the lucid order in words! And Dr. Hodgson, Fellow of the College of Preceptors, and Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh, did not notice that it is hardly worth while to add a genitive to 'Isaac D'Israeli' when that name was preceded by an 'of.'

It may be said of this book that its opening paragraphs are neither so correct nor so interesting as much that comes later. Under the first word, 'Advantage,' injustice is done to R. Zinck's 'Egypt of the Pharaohs' by quoting as incorrect this sentence: 'Free trade equalizes advantages, making the advantage of each the advantage of all.' Dr. Hodgson says he ought to have put 'benefit' or 'gain' or 'profit' for the second 'advantage.' Surely a very blind or a very unfair criticism. The second use of 'advantage' constitutes a rhetorical point, perfectly allowable and without which the spirit of the sentence is hurt. Philistinism of a similar kind is only too frequent in the book, especially where Dr. Hodgson falls foul of the poets and verse-makers. Grave is his rebuke of Jean Ingelow for writing, 'So far the shallow flood had flown.' It appears that she should have said 'overflowed.' He will not allow the poor thing the rudimentary right of her singing profession to personify objects in nature! Ruthlessly does this ponderous Don strip the wings from the 'flood' of the wretched bard. Such are the blunders of the critic of blunders. In fact, with works of this kind, one has to be constantly on guard against pedantry. They are useful because they make one think of what one is saying, and so encourage uniformity and sobriety of speech. But they are also grievous encouragers of pedants and other bores, and are generally full of the most ludicrous inaccuracies. In the American edition, revised by Mr. Francis A. Teall, many of the slips of the original have been corrected.

#### Theological Literature.†

Two books which lie before us are of a kind that is becoming familiar, and will doubtless become more familiar for a time. They mark a significant turn of modern thought—not so significant as their authors believe, but still of undeniable importance. They are both written by men who profess to have sifted the evidence for orthodox Christianity, and found it to lack all convincing power; but both claim to be, at the same time, of a constructive tendency. Mr. Stewart closes his series of sermons with a discourse which gives the name to his book (1), and the main points of a tolerably definite creed may be gathered from the other sermons. Mr. Blauvelt is indeed principally concerned with tearing down, but promises two more volumes of a more positive nature. He might, with much gain to his reputation for taste and judgment, have omitted the personalities which mar his closing chapter, and taken the space for an outline of his proposed recon-

\*Errors in the Use of English. By the late William B. Hodgson, LL.D. Third edition. Edinburgh: David Douglas. American Revised Edition \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

†(1) The Present Religious Crisis. By Augustus Blauvelt. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (2) The Gospel of Law. A Series of Discourses upon Fundamental Church Doctrines. By S. J. Stewart. \$1.25. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. (3) Essays on Various Subjects, chiefly Roman. By Monsignor Seton, D.D., \$1.50. and (4) Lectures and Discourses. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. \$1.50. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.



struction. Each of these earnest gentlemen will probably command a fairly large audience; it is therefore all the more unfortunate that neither of them shows either a judicial mind or a thorough acquaintance with his subject. Both of them have been reading, and reading widely, in the abundant literature of radical criticism; neither of them has been acute enough to detect its weaknesses, or impartial enough to give fair weight to opposing arguments; these may have been read, but it has been with the case already prejudged. They are captivated by plausible theories, and announce their conclusions much more dogmatically than they could do if they had weighed all the evidence. For example, while Mr. Stewart says in his preface, 'In our investigations we must measure everything by the use of reason in the light of well-proved facts,' we still read, 'The Fourth Gospel is full of the Greek philosophy, and was written by a learned Christian, who applied the Alexandrian philosophy to Jesus. John was too narrow to take in such a philosophy.' And then we wonder whether Mr. Stewart has really satisfied himself that he has taken John's full measure. It is noteworthy that the highest living authorities on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel—Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, and Dr. Bernhard Weiss, of Berlin—believe not only that John could, but that he did, write this Gospel. If Mr. Stewart has read what these scholars have written on the subject, he has no right to be so dogmatic. If he has not, he has no right to say anything at all about the matter. Other examples might be given by the score of Mr. Stewart's bright, taking, superficial treatment of questions of criticism and of doctrine.

If Mr. Blauvelt (2) is consistent, he will reach like conclusions. He has already relegated 'the supernaturalism of the religion of Jesus to the same regions with all other superstitions.' He will doubtless not fail to take the next logical step—for does not he himself say, on the following page, 'A man who in religious matters throws off the chains of authority and association must be a man of extraordinary independence of mind and strength of mind?' Such a man will surely not be illogical! The importance of these books lies not all in their intrinsic weight, but in the testimony they bear to the direction of some people's thought. The church cannot shut its eyes to this, nor make light of it. Above all, it cannot, if it is true to itself, shrink from a careful investigation of its own ground, and it may have to alter its position in more than one respect.

We are glad to meet with books which testify so abundantly of the learning and intellectual force to be found within the Roman Catholic Church, as Mgr. Seton's 'Essays' and Bishop Spalding's 'Discourses.' The former volume (3) contains papers which for the most part have already appeared in *The Catholic World*. They show wide reading and a considerable range of interest. With a few exceptions—such as the first, a rather commonplace essay on Ancient Music—they are all extremely entertaining, and some of them instructive. 'Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages,' 'Scanderbeg,' 'Vittoria Colonna,' 'The Jews in Rome,' 'The First Jubilee,' 'The Charities of Rome,' 'The Apostolic Mission to Chili'—these are all of considerable interest, though the author naturally does not lay the same stress upon certain classes of facts which a Protestant is accustomed to do. The last three papers—'The Palatine Prelates of Rome,' 'The Cardinalate,' and 'Papal Elections'—abound in curious information. Altogether the collection of essays is a very readable one.

Bishop Spalding's book (4) is of quite a different sort. It deals with religious topics, and handles them with dignity and effectiveness. Many of its pages, particularly in the early part, must enlist the hearty sympathy of all genuine Christians, although the Roman Catholic church-idea is nowhere quite absent. Later, the discourses become more distinctively, and even controversially, Romish. But even in controversy, Bishop Spalding is so self-contained and courteous—there is such absence of all the bitterness of hostile and excited feeling, so apt to appear on both sides of religious discussions—that the thoughtful reader will take pleasure in reading the book, however little he may find himself able to agree with its postulates or its conclusions. It is curious to observe that if there is an excessive sharpness of tone anywhere, it is where the author singles out the Anglican and the Episcopal Church generally, from among the Protestant 'sects,' for especial reprobation. 'The whole history of Anglicanism is marked by disunion, feebleness and sterility.' 'The Episcopal Church is as uncertain in doctrine as it is feeble in action.' But, on the whole, the book is notably free from extravagance of feeling or of statement.

#### Appleton's Home Books.\*

IN GLANCING at Mrs. Ruutz-Rees's little volume on 'Home Occupations' (1), we are inclined to rub our eyes, and wonder if there be not some mistake in the date of its publication. A manual gravely recommending such trivial pursuits as bead-basket work, 'spatter' work, straw-frame making, and the modelling of water-lilies in wax to be carefully enshrined beneath glass—a manual of this sort, we say, belongs by rights to the dark ages of thirty years ago. Leather flower-work, which Eastlake calls 'that wretched parody of the carver's art,'

is eloquently praised, and the 'possibilities of tissue-paper' are extolled with lavish enthusiasm. Numerous other devices equally contradictory to the sound principles of taste are set forth, and the general impression we bring away from a hasty survey of these pages, is that of an unfortunate wanderer through the labyrinths of an old-fashioned fancy-fair. Were such teachings as these to be accepted by the average young person of the period, then, indeed, would the long agony of the decorative artist have been in vain. At a time when he or she who runs may read, at every turn, some sound and simple dictate for guidance in matters of home adornment, the utility of such a work is more than questionable.

In a different spirit we receive 'The Home Needle' (2). Although the days of cheap needlework are upon us, and the prison embroideries (broderies sur blanc) of France, and ready-made garments for the million are now offered in our large shops at prices little surpassing the first cost of material, the art of plain sewing is one rightly to be included in the training of every girl. From Katherine of Aragon, whose 'days did pass in working with the needle curiously,' and Mary of Scotland, who 'wrought with hir nydill' to drive away the old grief in her heart, that tiny implement has proved the solace of a host of heroines both great and small. The difficulty, no doubt, will be to find modern doers of a word enjoining, among other duties, domestic shirt-making. No woman of proper self-respect will face the inevitable masculine snub awaiting the termination of such a labor. Maggie Tulliver's talent for plain sewing was regarded by the ladies of St. Ogg's as a distinct indication of that young person's inherent coquetry; but in ordinary cases, a task of set stitchery is apt to drag along as did the frock Becky Sharp kept working at for little Rawdon until that hapless youth had long outgrown it. The author of 'The Home Needle' has, however, done her best to make her instructions agreeable as well as practical, and perhaps, ere long, by some revolution of Fancy's wheel, we may see a revival of Miss Ferrier's times, when 'a large work-bag, well stuffed with white-seam,' was made an indispensable accompaniment of a young lady's walk through life.

#### Welsh's English Literature.\*

THE POETIC CHARM and interest which Mr. Welsh manages to throw into this work on the English Literature and Language would atone for many errors of treatment, if there were such. The subject is always an attractive one; but it is not always approached by writers who have such innate good taste and judgment in the choice and use of material. There is, to be sure, in the formal headings and subdivisions of topics a little suggestion of the usual didactic purpose of such books; but these are soon forgiven in consideration of the choice matter under them, so that one soon learns to read for enjoyment as well as for instruction.

The author's plan is a sufficiently comprehensive one, embracing, besides an account of the literature of the English people, enough of their race characteristics and habits to explain the peculiar turn taken by their literature. This work in race traits is done with a good deal of labor and success, for it is by no means the least interesting part of the treatment. It suggests in richness and readableness the work of Mr. Green, who has, perhaps more than any other of the recent historians, given a pleasing turn to books of this historical cast, and is deservedly creating quite a school of style. Not that Mr. Welsh is in any respect an imitator. His method of procedure is his own, and could only come out of an essentially poetic mind. The poetic quality is sometimes a little too prevalent, and, if it were not guided so well, one would prefer the plain historical narrative, which leaves the reader to grapple with the matter only and not the manner. In reading the introduction, we felt some annoyance at the prevalence of what Mr. Rufus Choate would have called 'glittering generalities'; but these fortunately are confined mainly to the prologue. The rest of the two large volumes show wide and thoughtful reading, a wealth of miscellaneous matter, and excellent judgment in making it available as ornament.

Full justice is done to the representative authors of each period. To King Alfred are given eight pages, to Roger Bacon seven, to Wycliffe five, to Chaucer twenty-eight, to Caxton five, to the development of the drama in the sixteenth century sixteen, besides what is given to the several dramatists; to Jonson twelve pages, to Lord Bacon fifteen, to Milton twenty-three, and so on. It will thus be seen what proportions the book gets of the older writers. Nor are the more recent celebrities and powers neglected or slighted. Dickens, George Eliot, Ruskin, Carlyle, Whittier, Emerson (who has twenty pages), etc., are fully characterized, and the work is thus made as complete in its survey as it is attractive in style and matter. As a minor fault, we would suggest that the crediting of the thousand quotations to the authorities in a general list is not sufficiently definite to be quite just to the authors or useful to the reader.

\* (1) Home Occupations. By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees. (2) The Home Needle. By Ella Rodman Church. 60 c. each. Appleton's Home Books.

\* Development of English Literature and Language. By Alfred H. Welsh, A.M., Member of Victoria Institute, the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. 2 vols. 95. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

### Maria Theresa and Frederick the Great.\*

SINCE Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg have laid open their archives to students and scholars, a new impetus has been given to the study of history: its truth-seekers may now gather their information from fountain-heads. Among the latest results of this revival of historical investigation are G. Droysen's 'History of Prussian Politics' (1) and A. d'Arneth's 'History of Maria Theresa' (2). Both these authors have based their works upon original documents and private correspondence heretofore unattainable, and present to us now an eighteenth century somewhat freed of its fogs. General history, on the whole, seems to have stood this confrontation with later manuscript-revelations pretty well. The few contradictions and discrepancies which have since been discovered are hardly of sufficient moment to impair its traditional records; but the eighteenth century, with those two remarkable reigns of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, is in itself such a labyrinth that the student must hail any new light that will help him on his way. This the works of Droysen and d'Arneth offer. And yet even this better light has to be used with caution. Droysen is a Prussian, d'Arneth an Austrian. They write from widely-separated stand-points, and we must therefore expect to find striking variations in their statements. But they bring their proofs with them, and it is easy to discover where national pride or prejudice may come in.

The grand figures that occupy the middle of the eighteenth century—a royal free-thinker, with whom the genius of conquest stands in lieu of conscience, and a young princess, strong only in piety, rectitude of spirit, and heroism of heart; both ascending, almost on the same day, the two greatest thrones of Europe, and for a period of forty years filling the world with their political, religious and philosophical rivalries; dying, too, so nearly at the same time—these make this epoch particularly interesting, and present a picture as well calculated to fix the attention as any in the history of modern times.

'The History of Prussian Politics' is written in that spirit of minute observation which distinguishes German erudition—no details left out. It presents to us the bona-fide Frederick II., without mask or disguises. The author would fain have us admire his hero, and spares no pains to cover his deformities with such patriotic reasonings as love of country can suggest; but with the private correspondence of the great man laid open before us, no white-washing will serve. This correspondence reveals the plot for the conquest of Silesia in all its hideousness, and shows us the character of him who conceived it, in all its subtle perverseness; fully justifying the remark of one of Maria Theresa's counsellors, that 'to expect such a nature to turn from its course, without due chastisement, was to expect a Moor to turn white.' 'The History of Maria Theresa,' based on equally authentic documents, is written in a tender and affectionate spirit. The author is evidently in love with his subject. The picture he draws of the girlhood and early married life of that extraordinary woman is almost idyllic in its simplicity. So forcibly has he brought out her noble character and rare administrative genius, so fresh an interest has he imparted to the already well-known events that filled her life, that we almost fancy we read new facts.—Some months ago, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contained on these important works of Droysen and d'Arneth, two interesting papers, entitled 'Etudes Diplomatiques,' by the Duke de Broglie. It was an admirable essay. Never, perhaps, were the indolence of Louis XV. and the groping feebleness of his ministers, the guarded selfishness of England and the crafty skill of Prussia, more felicitously sketched. These essays are to be republished by Calmann Lévy.

### Minor Notices.

'GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN' (Osgood: \$1.25) is a neatly printed little book of original and selected poetry and prose on a subject indicated by the title. Miss Kate Sanborn is responsible for the arrangement of this literary bouquet, about which there is a decided flavor of the well-kept country garden.

BROWNING'S 'Agamemnon of Æschylus' (1877), 'La Saisiaz' ('78) 'The Two Poets of Croisic' ('78), 'Pauline' ('33), and the first and second series of dramatic idylls, have been collected and published in one volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston: \$1.50)—who have in press, we are happy to see, a new edition, in seven volumes, of the poet's complete works.

A DAINTY little volume is 'The Book of Forty Puddings,' by Susan Anna Brown (Scribner: 50 cts.). At first glance, one might mistake it for one of Miss Greenaway's pretty books, but a second look would show its practical nature. We have not tested the recipes as yet, but they read very well, and we feel sure that nothing bad could come out of so neat a volume.

\* (1) History of Maria Theresa. By A. d'Arneth. 10 vols. (History of Prussian Politics—Part V). Vienna. (2) Frederick the Great. By G. Droysen. 3 vols. Leipzig.

A VOLUME which is sure to find a warm welcome in many homes is that which contains the poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2) now brought together for the first time. It is embellished with portraits of the two sisters.

FROM Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we have received the Emerson and Longfellow Calendars for 1883 (\$1 each). They are got up with much taste—the former particularly—and will make a pretty as well as useful office or library decoration. On each calendar there are selections for every day in the year, taken from the writings of one of these famous authors.

'PANTOMIMES; OR, WORDLESS POEMS' is the Mendelssohnian title of a little volume prepared 'for elocution and calisthenic' classes by Mary Tucker Magill (Boston: J. L. Cushing & Co.). The vivacious Dr. Dio Lewis 'commends this course of facial training,'—which is more than we can do, if the pictures that accompany the text really illustrate its results. The young lady who, with one arm akimbo and one hand raised, has served as the artist's model, looks like a female pedestrian about to start in a six-days' 'go-as-you-please,' rather than as a person torn by the emotions of love, hatred and grief. The author has persuaded one Leop. Fuenkenstein to write some music descriptive of the emotions she has attempted to describe with pen and pencil, and the result is like the tuning up of a Japanese orchestra.

'A GEOGRAPHICAL READER,' compiled and arranged by James Johnnot (D. Appleton & Co.), is one of those ingenious books made for 'insinuating knowledge' by pleasing methods. The compiler has selected from standard and excellent writers brief extracts in geography and travels, bits of description, adventure, and verse, making geography the main issue, but not confining the choice, by any means, to the purely technical details. Interest and instruction are happily combined, the latter being never dry, and the former never so lightly conceived that some information does not shine through it. All sorts of natural objects and natural history objects are touched upon—not treated exhaustively, but tentatively, and always by the best and most perspicuous writers. The compiler's method is to take his topic first from the geographical point of view, then to give some animated narrative having a close bearing on it, next to give some poem of good quality to embellish the narration. A good illustration of the method may be seen in Part V., which treats of the atmosphere, winds, and storms. These are explained in a short rhapsody from Prof. E. L. Youmans, then illustrated in a thoroughly characteristic bit of description, from the naturalist, Audubon, called 'A Tornado in Ohio.' Then follows Shelley's magnificent poem, 'The Clouds.' Two short articles succeed—'The Harmattan,' by Robert Tomes, and 'Colored Rain and Snow,' by Edwin Denkin. Thus an inkling of the nature and workings of winds and storms is conveyed—the subject being touched upon merely in some of its more attractive aspects. This arrangement of topics is a good one, leaving, as it does, a distinct impression on the mind of the young child. The selections are mostly from clear, simple, and natural writers, masters in their branches. The part of the editor and compiler is apparently an easy one, requiring, however, the gift of taste and discretion.

ÆSTHETICISM has found a historian in Walter Hamilton, an Englishman, who seems to have written histories of other people and things before he entered upon the delicate duties of historian to the aesthetes. ('The Æsthetic Movement in England': London: Reeves & Turner). Mr. Hamilton shows his sincerity by the bitterness of his attacks upon persons who have made æstheticism a target for their wit. With Mr. Burnand and *Punch* he has no patience, but for Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, who put money in the æsthetic purse, he has only words of good nature. 'Maudie and Company,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'belong to a comparatively new school, which has done, and is still doing, an immense amount of good toward the advancement of art in this country and in America.' Mr. Hamilton begins with the pre-Raphaelites who started the æsthetic movement in 1848, and gives an interesting account of *The Germ*, the short-lived organ of the Brotherhood. The only apostles of æstheticism to whom he gives a chapter apiece are John Ruskin and Oscar O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. Mr. Wilde, he tells us, is an Irishman—a gratuitous piece of information, after he has given the gentleman's name in full. When 'Patience' was produced in this country, we are told, 'its points were fully appreciated by reading people; and it occurred to Mr. Wilde that a visit to the States to give some lectures, explanatory of real æstheticism as it exists here [in England], might interest and possibly instruct and elevate our rich, clever, but not particularly cultured transatlantic cousins.' We are to hope, then, that when Mr. Wilde considers that we have been sufficiently 'elevated,' he will return to the cultured circles which must be held partly responsible for his egregious absurdities—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

AN EIGHTH EDITION of Mr. Bartlett's collection of familiar quotations (Little, Brown & Co. \$3) testifies to the popularity of a book-of-reference that has become absolutely indispensable to the literary worker. Among other changes from the last previous edition, we



note that the compiler's name is given the place of honor on the cover. It is no longer 'Familiar Quotations: Bartlett,' but 'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.' The new edition contains extracts from 125 authors not represented in earlier numbers—Aristides and Thomas Dunn English, Aristophanes and Amelia B. Richards, Alanus de Insulis and Emma Willard, the Chevalier Bayard and Jacob Bobart, Thomas Carlyle and Alfred Bunn, Mrs. Browning and G. W. Bellamy, Charles Wesley and Peter Bayle, George Bancroft and Theodore L. Barker, Joanna Baillie and Robert Bland, J. G. Von Salis, Helen Maria Williams, and Thomas Zouch. Additions have been made to the selections from Longfellow, Emerson and Bryant, from Charles Lamb, Kingsley, Tennyson and many others. The late Lord Beaconsfield, heretofore restricted to a foot-note, now has a whole page to accommodate his famous aphorism about critics, and other familiar sayings. We still miss, among the few quoted words of John Wesley, his 'I look upon all the world as my parish,' and 'The best of all is, God is with us.' But this is a little matter; and though the book is far from perfect, it is, perhaps, as nearly perfect as anything of the kind in existence.

THE PUBLISHERS of Goodholme's 'Domestic Cyclopædia' (Holt: \$2.50) have been well advised in issuing it, as they now do, through the regular booksellers and at a reduced price. Though the book has faults and defects it is one of the very best of its kind ever published, and one of the most useful, as the writer can testify from constant personal experience in the five years which have elapsed since it originally appeared. There is scarcely any question of domestic economy—of housekeeping, of hygiene, of household art—to which an answer cannot be found in its pages; an answer, too, which is generally plain and ample. The tone is franker than that of most books-of-reference, which are the work generally of worthy compilers devoid of any sense of humor. Consider the admirable directness of Mr. Babb's brief but comprehensive essay on 'Decoration,' for instance; or the shrewd and worldly-wise essay on 'Dinner,' which ought to be read and pondered by every woman who dares to ask a man to dine. The discussion of the moot points of 'Drainage' and plumbing is entrusted to Col. George E. Waring, Jr.—an eminent expert, who fails, however, to duly impress the reader with the desirability (if not the necessity) of doing away with that 'modern improvement,' the stationary washbowl, and the banishment from our sleeping- and living-rooms of all pipes connecting with the sewer. Mr. Leeds's article on 'Ventilation' is more satisfactory. The medical and chemical articles are by Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., Dr. Jacobi, Dr. W. T. Lusk, and Dr. Elwyn Waller, of the Columbia College Laboratory. Mr. Calvert Vaux and Thomas Wisedell supply the articles on locating, building, and repairing houses, and Mrs. Miller and Giuseppe Rudmani consider the kitchen and the science of cooking, and supply numberless recipes. Altogether the book is written by persons who speak with authority; it has been edited by some one of great common-sense and a very distinct understanding of the needs of the average American family; and it brings together, for the first time, a mass of information to be found elsewhere with difficulty, if at all.

#### Ruskin as a Poet.

WHAT THE EDITOR of the poetical pieces of Ruskin's youth (New York: Wiley) calls the 'weird and somewhat melancholy train of thought' discoverable in him seems to us common enough in persons of imagination who, being young, and so inexperienced in the course and far-reaching results of the passions, yet have the passions themselves, with all the hopes and disappointments belonging to them. The sky never looks brighter than in youth, when it is bright, and never gloomier than in those momentary spells when it is gloomy. Everything is intense—joy and despair—and nothing tempered by reflection. In Ruskin's early poems—and all his poems were early, for they ceased in his twenty-seventh year—two veins are noticeable: the sense of the grand and picturesque in nature, and the sense of the tragedy of life. Imagination played its controlling part in both these veins, and the poems are remarkable, not because the thought is remarkable, or the niceties of poetic composition yet acquired, but because the thought was somberly grand, the description very picturesque, and beginning to get under control, while the commoner difficulties of verse-making were already mastered. Some of the pictures are strongly taken, and drawn with imaginative force, though roughly and crudely. They show the beginnings of that pictorial power which afterward became a leading excellence in all Ruskin's writings. The glimpse of the Rhine, for instance, with its

giddy eddies whirling round  
With a sullen, choking sound,

shows that the youth was using his imagination on what he had seen, and not applying it to second-hand material. The whole picture is forcibly done. None of the poems have in them much other interest beyond that of indicating the direction which his mind was taking, and the picture-drawing power which was already getting developed.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GLEANINGS.

IF THE GROWTH in fame of a master mind is to be estimated by the number

of editions through which his published works pass, then John Ruskin, of whom so much diverse criticism has been written, has not reached the highest point of estimation in his native land; but in his case, the fault is his own. Possessed of ideas which even his most devoted admirers hesitate to endorse, and which the *oi polloi* condemn as 'cranky,' the author of 'Modern Painters' is alone to blame for the limited circulation of his writings in England; and the immense price now asked for original editions is rather the result of the small number of copies printed than the craving of the multitude for aesthetic literature. In America the absence of an international copyright has been the means of introducing the author to a large class of readers who would otherwise have known him solely through the medium of many ill-tempered letters, which have exhibited enough eccentricity to secure their publication in more than one of our newspapers. With the exception of a few writings which have no interest outside of England, all of Ruskin's works have been republished in New York without the restricted circulation, and elaboration of typography, on which the author insists with his English publishers; and in the case of his three most important works, the original illustrations have been copied so accurately, on the same scale, that they fully serve the purpose of the English edition without costing one-fifth of the price.

Although Mr. Ruskin is to-day virtually his own publisher—through the medium of George Allen, of Sunnyside, Orpington (an infinitesimal portion of Kent)—his writings have appeared under the imprint of Smith, Elder & Co., Longmans & Green, Ellis & White, and other publishers, in addition to the flights of fancy that have graced the pages of those nondescript publications known as annuals, and the columns of magazines and reviews. His first paper, entitled 'Enquiries on the Causes of the Color of the Water of the Rhine,' signed J. R., appeared in the *Magazine of Natural History* in 1834, and was followed by poetical rambles over the pages of 'Friendship's Offering' during ten years subsequent, when he transferred his verse to 'The Keepsake' (1845-'6), and 'Heath's Book of Beauty' (1846). One of the poems, appropriately called 'The Broken Chain,' wound its links, through the years 1840-'3, in 'Friendship's Offering.' His first verse-writing, 'Saltzburg,' was published when the writer had but attained his sixteenth year (1835).

As this notice has for its main object a resumé of the rise and fall in price of the works of Ruskin, it may be briefly stated that the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' first published in 1849, was immediately afterward offered at twenty-one shillings, and, steadily declining in price until 1864, could be easily procured for fourteen shillings, the new edition of 1865 (preferred by some on account of the engravings of that edition having been entrusted to professional hands) tending to keep the price of the original at its lowest quotation. The reaction which was felt soon after 1865 was followed by a great demand that, in 1876, Quaritch, in cataloguing a copy of the '49 edition at five guineas, appended a note, saying, 'this work has now become the scarcest of all the works of Ruskin;' and he catalogued the '55 edition at the same price, both being in the original cloth binding. American collectors had received a strong hint the same year as to the rise in value of this book, for at the Menzies' sale, a New York bookseller paid \$56 for the '49 edition in half-morocco. Not a few bidders at this sale were filled with useless regrets; for six years before, the uncut copy in the library of the Hon. G. H. Holliday brought but \$8. In 1880 an elaborate edition of the 'Seven Lamps' was placed on the market, but the price has not materially changed since then, though it is safe to predict a considerable advance in the next few years. The same fortune has attended the 'Modern Painters' and 'Stones of Venice.' The first complete edition of the former (1851-'60, 5 vols.), was offered by Sotheman, of London (1860), for £6 10s., and copies could be obtained for five guineas in 1863. In 1868 and 1870 Quaritch, who has never been convicted of the crime of underselling, offered 'Modern Painters' for £6 10s., but the price has advanced so steadily since then that a desirable copy rarely appears for sale at less than £25. The 'Stones of Venice' (3 vols., 1851-'3) was offered by Sotheman in 1853 for five guineas, in 1856 for four, and in 1860 for three; but the collector who finds a copy in the same hands at less than fourteen guineas discovers at the same time some defect which accounts for the low price. In 1873-'4, a new edition of the 'Stones' made its appearance. In the preface the author says:

If I live, some portions of the 'Stones of Venice' will ultimately be published in such abstract as will make at once the first purpose of the book apparent, and its final statements conclusive; but it will be with fewer plates, and those less elaborate. I limit the present edition to 1500 copies, of which I sign each with my own hand, certifying it as containing the best states of the old plates now procurable.

In addition to the copy of the 'Seven Lamps,' sold with the Holliday library in 1870, a collection of Ruskin's works, all best editions (and inclusive of the three principal works before mentioned), 19 vols. in all, sold for \$160 for the lot. In 1876 the Menzies copy of 'Modern Painters' brought \$155, and the 'Stones of Venice' \$93. In 1880 the Chapin copy of 'Modern Painters' sold for \$190, and 'Stones of Venice' for \$123.

The minor works of Ruskin show the same proportionate increase. In 1880 a copy of the privately printed Poems (1850) was offered by a London bookseller for £40, while another copy was sold at auction for £41. The author resolutely refuses to allow this collection to be reprinted. Of the 51 pieces 22 are not printed elsewhere, while the others are scattered among various magazines and annuals.

OSBORNE.

#### Recent Fiction.

ONE LOOKS only for brightness in a little book with the piquant title of 'Cupid M. D.:'\* but the story of a young man who, with the help of Cupid, was cured of the habit of opium-eating, is told with undeniable power, though with the greatest simplicity of style. The account is given in a series of letters exchanged between the different persons concerned, and the feminine letters in particular are remarkable for a lightness of touch supplying the necessary relief to the tragedy of the situation, and dealing with a young lady's characteristics, if not her character, as successfully as Howells himself could have done.

\* Cupid, M.D. By Augustus M. Swift. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Deliciously girlish are the exclamations, 'the idea!' and 'you would expire if you could see how they dress over here!'—and deliciously feminine the statement that 'mamma never said anything about it to papa; not that she ever has any secrets from him, but simply because he would be furious if he knew.' The book deserves its 'M. D.' for in its healthful assurance that the terrible habit can be cured—an assurance, by the way, justified by facts—it is of a thousand times more value than the awful warnings of the over-strained Mr. E. P. Roe in his book on a similar topic.

'THE CLEVERDALE MYSTERY' is a story of mingled truth and fiction. Its fiction is of the poorest, being merely a cluster of highly sensational incidents grouped about a pair of lovers of the sort that have 'founts of joy' in their hearts and stern parients at their backs; but its truth is opportune. As a political story, it aims to show the 'very pulse' of a different 'Machine' from that which occupied Wordsworth's attention; and a large part of its cleverness consists in the manner in which all partisan feeling has been obliterated, the hits being made neither at Republicans nor Democrats, but at politics and politicians. It cannot be called exactly a revelation, for we all knew before that votes are sold and that some newspapers can be bought; but in spite of a literary style with little about it to commend, the book is one we are glad to have in circulation, adding as it does one more voice to the cry, 'O tempora! O mores!' and reminding us that the remedy for the evils we deplore is in our own hands.

IF THERE are any people—and it is quite possible that there are many—who have found it hard to understand the admiration of some other people for Björnson's work, let them read 'Captain Mansana, and other Stories'; not for the sake of 'Captain Mansana' which, though a curious study with historical foundation, seems merely the per-fervid description of incoherent courtship, but for the sake of the closing tale in the collection—the one called 'Dust.' Its literary style, even in translation, is admirable, and as a singular mingling of pathetic child-life with the most solemn questions that can engage the human mind, it is an example of the coldest and clearest intellectual judgment touched by poetic fire and thrilled, if not warmed, by sympathy. The story is that of two children whose father is coldly radical, but whose mother and governess are 'religious' to the point of seeing an answer to prayer in a snow-storm or a dangerous illness. The effect of their teaching on the imaginative temperaments of the children is to lead them, in their first perplexity in life, to seek the heaven which they have been assured is better than earth; and the 'dust' is the clogging superstition which the mother has allowed to settle on their children's souls when, instead of inspiring them 'to view life properly—to love life, to gain courage for life, vigor for work, and patriotism,' she has taught them 'that life here below is nothing to the life above; that to be a human being is far inferior to being an angel; that to live is not by any means equal to being dead.'

'A TRANSPLANTED ROSE' is the interesting and well-told story of a young girl transplanted suddenly from a western ranch to the politest of New York polite society. It is called a story of New York life, and is singularly free from prejudice; for while showing society to be the hollow thing it is, an ideal is suggested of what society might be. It is much better than the average society novel, though some of its incidents are melodramatic, and we notice a slight tone of what Mr. Lowell might call 'a certain condescension in New Yorkers'; there is an impression given, 'Be a good girl, and if you leave the ranch early enough you can be polished off in New York to the extent of pleasing a baronet.' It was our pleasure two years ago to witness the *début* in Boston society of a young lady from a ranch whose dignity seemed to us in pleasing contrast with the society giggle of her associates; and it may be mentioned in passing that her brothers, born and partly educated on the ranch, entered the Boston public schools in advance of their years. In justice to ranches, the reviewer must match Rose Chadwick's experience at her first party of stretching forth a hand cased in green kid to meet one 'gloved in a tawny Swedish covering, whose loose folds stretched up the arm,' with an experience of her own, when for a brief and pleasant period she exchanged New York for the west. Drawing on a pair of old white kids for an evening party, in deference to the supposed tastes of ranch people, by whom 'tawny Swedish coverings' might be misunderstood, she entered the room to find every lady arrayed in *gants de Suède* of every number of button or wrinkle. *Hæc fabula docet*—

#### Children's Books.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL child's book that we have seen this year is 'Household Stories,' translated from the Brothers Grimm by Lucy Crane and illustrated by Walter. (Macmillan: \$2.) Not only children but grown folks will be delighted with Mr. Crane's delicate fancies.

\* The Cleverdale Mystery. By W. A. Wilkins. \$1. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

† Captain Mansana. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by R. B. Anderson. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

‡ A Transplanted Rose. \$1. New York: Harper & Bros.

The drawings are in black and white; and while they are as dainty as his illustrations to 'The First of May,' there is an undercurrent of humor in the head- and tail-pieces that is delicious. The full-page pictures are pictures indeed. Those illustrating 'The Goose Girl,' 'Mother Hulda,' and 'The Six Swans,' are not of the sort commonly found in a volume of fairy stories.—A BOOK of another sort, appealing more directly to boys, is 'Wild Animals and Birds,' by Dr. Andrew Wilson (Cassell: \$3). The illustrations are bold and plentiful, and are enough to fire the boyish imagination without the aid of letter-press. Dr. Wilson has not aimed to make his descriptions dramatic. He tells a story in which the plain unvarnished facts are thrilling. He follows the wildest beasts into their haunts; shows them at peace and in war; and gives their 'structural history,' in the hope of arousing an intelligent interest among his young readers as well as of tickling their fancy for sport and adventure. How he will succeed in this higher aim we cannot tell, but that his book will hold attention by its striking illustrations and stories of the chase we are quite sure.—FOR YOUNGER children there is a volume of 'Homespun Yarns for Christmas Stockings,' by Mary A. Rand (T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25), full of pictures of unequal merit—mostly good, however—and containing a large number of short stories. We do not see why 'A Boarding-School Story' should be published here; its moral is too obscure. There are, however, enough that are simple, and perfectly comprehensible to the childish mind.—IN 'SNOWFLAKES FROM SANTA'S LAND' (Crowell: \$1.25) we find many of the same illustrations that do duty in 'Homespun Yarns.' But the stories are different, and the buyer can take his choice.—'BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN' (Cassell: \$1.50) is made to do duty as a child's book. It is illustrated in colors and with silhouettes, and will probably find readers in its present form to whom its charms have been heretofore unknown.—'FRED BRADFORD'S SECRET,' by Joanna H. Mathews (Cassell: \$1.25), fills a whole volume, and is written in its author's well-known pleasant style. It is fully illustrated.

'CHRISTMAS RHYMES AND NEW YEAR'S CHIMES' has a colored cover which is hardly in keeping with the black-and-white illustrations to the text, so that every one who opens the book will be disappointed—but very agreeably so. Mrs. Mary D. Brine is not a Butler or a Tom Hood, yet her facility in verse-making quite justifies her assertion that 'Rhymes are plenty and to spare.' Her verses roll along with the smoothness and celerity of a bicycle on a macadamized road, the wide pages of the present volume being scarce wide enough to accommodate the rhyming lines of sixteen to eighteen words apiece. It is not for the letter-press, however, but for the illustrations that we chiefly prize the book. No child's book that we have seen contains a more delightful little figure than that which accompanies the dedication; and the average merit of the drawings is quite up to the standard set by *St. Nicholas* (Harlan).—MRS. BRINE has laid down her rhyming pen long enough to tell a story in prose—'Papa's Little Daughters' (Cassell: \$1.75)—a pretty little story, too, which the young folks will be sure to like.—'BO-PEEP' (Cassell: \$1) is for very young folks, and tells them short stories in large type.—'Little Folks' (Cassell: \$1.25) is a bound volume of this popular magazine, with a colored frontispiece, and a gay cover.—'AROUND THE HOUSE,' by Edward Willett and Charles Kendrick (R. Worthington: \$1.75) is a volume made in the interests of the million. It is printed in the brightest colors, and the verses run smoothly along. We cannot say that we think the children pretty, but they seem to be having a good time. Mr. Kendrick is more successful in representing children than grown people. His drawings have plenty of action, and he shows a full appreciation of childish games.—'THE WONDERFUL FAN,' by Aunt Ella (E. P. Dutton & Co. 25cts.), is a little book of short fairy stories that children may read for themselves or have read to them. The type is large, the words small, and the stories simple.—'WEE BABIES' (Dutton: \$2) by Amy Ella Blanchard and Ida Waugh, the young ladies who made the successful 'Holly-Berries' of last season, is one of the most attractive juveniles of the season. As the title implies, only the little toddlers are considered. None are over three years of age. No one would believe, without seeing the book, how much, in the way of mischief and play, is done by the babies. Miss Waugh must have made sketches every time she visited a nursery, to have drawn so many life-like pictures. Miss Blanchard's verses are quite in the spirit of the drawings, and are much better than those which are usually found in these books. 'Wee Babies' has been better printed than was 'Holly-Berries.' Some of the lithographs look almost like water-color paintings. The cover of the book shows a happy combination of babies of all kinds.—'CINDERELLA' is one of the prettiest and hence the most lasting of fairy tales. We have had it in the original prose; it has furnished a theme for several plays; and now we have the story 'Retold in Rhyme,' by Lt.-Col. Secombe, and graphically illustrated in colors and in black-and-white (A. C. Armstrong & Son: \$2.50). The wicked sisters are represented in all their ugliness, and the most is made of Cinderella's beauty. Those familiar with the story will find some additional particulars related by this military biographer.—'OUR LITTLE ONES' (Lee & Shepard: \$1.75, \$2.50) is better than many of its competitors in this respect, that its



illustrations, 380 in all, have not done duty in a dozen other books, but were made expressly for its pages. They are well made, too, for the expert pencils of Miss Northam, F. S. Church, W. L. Sheppard, J. H. Moser, Jessie McDermott, W. A. Rogers, L. Hopkins, and many other well-known draughtsmen, have been pressed into service. The stories are short, so that the little ones may not tire in reading them; the type and paper are of the best; and the printing is well done.

#### The December Magazines.

THE December number of *The North American Review* is a characteristic one. It contains two 'symposiums,' and articles by Governor Sherman, Professor Proctor, Professor Fisher, and ex-President Grant. General Grant's paper, 'An Undeserved Stigma,' is a defence of General Fitz-John Porter, whom he believes to be perfectly innocent of the charges of which he was convicted by court-martial. The papers on 'Success on the Stage,' written by John McCullough, Mme. Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell and William Warren, will be sure to attract the attention of all who are interested in the stage. These distinguished actors seem to be agreed on one point, and that is that the best school of acting is the stage itself, and that genuine success can only be made by those who begin at the foot of the ladder and work their way up. We do not think that the writers in the symposium on 'The Health of American Women' have been as well selected. We do not care much for what Dr. Dio Lewis has to say on matters of health, or indeed on any other matters; nor does Mrs. Cady Stanton know as much on the subject as some other women—Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, for instance; and Dr. James R. Chadwick is hardly strong enough to carry the burden of the argument alone.

Joseph Hatton has an article on 'William Black at Home' in the current *Harper's*, and in it we are told many entertaining anecdotes of the manner of working and way of living of the popular novelist. Mr. Black writes in a room at the top of his house at Brighton, two or three days a week, from October to April. He avoids reading criticisms of his books, because he thinks that he knows more about his business than his critics are apt to. A portrait of Mr. Black and pictures of the interiors of his country home and city chambers are given. A working girl begins a series of sketches from real life in this number, and draws a sombre picture.

In *The Century*, Mr. Henry James begins his 'Point of View' papers, which are certainly amusing. The letter from the Hon. Edward Antrobus to his wife is positively humorous. We have been very much interested in Mr. A. Lang's paper on 'Rab's Friend.' Rab's friend is our friend, too, and we see by this article that he was more popular in America than in England. The picture of Dr. Brown and Rab will be a welcome one, and we have no doubt will be cut out and framed by many of the admirers of the man and his faithful dog.

#### "A Sabbath for Brain-workers."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I read with interest Mr. Stockton's article in your last number entitled 'A Sabbath for Brain-workers,' but cannot altogether agree with his views. He has suggested an impracticable solution of the problem. What man, in the present rush and push of business, would quietly count out one whole day every week from his occupation? To do so would be to give his competitors a better chance in the race. If he cannot rest on Sunday, it seems to me he cannot rest at all. Mr. Stockton says: 'It is impossible for the brain-worker who respects the usages of society, and the religious feeling common in our country, to have on Sunday the rest and recreation that is necessary to him, and further he remarks: 'We would not interfere, in the slightest degree, with the institutions, or customs ordained by society and religion.'

What we wish to do is to interfere with the customs, so far as to allow harmless recreation on the Sabbath. It was evidently intended as a day of rest for brain-workers as well as the physical laborer, and there is no reason, except the foolish prejudices of society, why we should not spend part of that day in recuperating from the week's fatigue, whatever it may have been. To do this, we need not neglect our religious duties. We can attend church and have our rest afterward. Religion is, or should be, intimately united with our everyday life, and not merely, as is too often the case, recognized as a weekly duty. When this is accomplished, a week-day to restore our wasted energies will be unnecessary.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4th, 1882.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

#### "The Bells of Shandon" Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In Mr. Fraser's letter of Sept. 13 in reply to my criticism of the 'Bells of Shandon,' I cannot see that anything has been added to my admission that the poem in question possesses certain rhythmical merits, unless a jibe at my supposed Scotch nationality be considered a valuable contribution to the discussion. Mr. Fraser points out that

the merits of the class of compositions of which 'The Bells of Shandon' is one consist largely in their 'pretended disregard of rhyme, reason, grammar and sense.' One must allow that in the present instance the pretence has succeeded to admiration. I confess that my canons do not admit of so catholic a definition of the beautiful in literature.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1882.

EDW. J. HARDING.

#### Dippold's Mediæval German Epics.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Permit me to offer a few suggestions in regard to the review of 'The Great Epics of Mediæval Germany' in the last number of THE CRITIC. I do not think that scholars will be prejudiced against my book on account of the 'respectful reference to Vilmar.' The latter's genius, in describing the Mediæval Epics, and especially the Nibelungen Lied, has been acknowledged by the best scholars of Germany, although some of them widely differ from him in their view of the subject. To the least careful reader of my book it will be evident that the 'respectful reference to Vilmar' consists of some quotations from that author which are given mainly on account of his beautiful description of the poems. On the other hand, my references to Müllenhoff and Raszmann are due to an entirely different motive; these scholars are quoted as specialists in the department of the critical study of Mediæval German literature. The statement that I quote from books of this order (Vilmar's) with the same confidence as from Müllenhoff and Raszmann is thus an error. It is likewise erroneous to say that by implication I co-ordinate the mythological treatise of Prof. R. B. Anderson with the similar writings of Grimm and Simrock. I refer to Prof. Anderson's work first, since both the scholar and the general reader in this country would naturally consult his convenient and excellent work. I then added: 'It is scarcely necessary to call also the attention of those versed in German to the admirable works on German mythology by the famous scholars, J. Grimm and K. Simrock.' If anything is implied in that remark, it is that Grimm and Simrock are scholars of such world-wide reputation that it seems hardly necessary to refer any German student to their well-known works. The conclusion reached from these false premises that my 'studies in German literature must have been of a desultory and amateurish character,' is wholly gratuitous. Again, after referring to certain classes of college students, to whom 'minute questions of scholarship which agitate the learned world of Germany are of small account, while a general acquaintance with the great Mediæval Epics cannot fail to excite their interest and stimulate their imagination,' your review states that my volume presents such knowledge, and clearly implies that it contains no other. Permit me to say that my unpretentious book does consider minute questions of scholarship; as, for instance, the vexed questions of the manuscripts, and the authorship of the Nibelungen Lied are treated from page 130 to 137, and again, in the Notes from page 295 to 303, where especially Pfeiffer's theory and the Kurenberger are taken up. I do not know of any English or American history of German literature in which the same attempt has been made. As to other minute questions of scholarship, I might refer you to different parts of my book; but this would put me in the position of commending it, and such is not my purpose. In this respect an author is certainly at the mercy of the reviewer, particularly when the latter is anonymous; yet every author has a right to be judged impartially, and by competent critics.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1882.

GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD.

#### LITERARY NOTES.\*

'POET AND IDLER' is the title of a volume of poems by Rossiter Johnson, which Messrs. Osgood will soon publish.

Miss Rose Kingsley, daughter of the late Canon Kingsley, has written for the holiday *Wide Awake* an article about the three dogs at Eversley Rectory—Dandy, Sweep, and Victor. It is illustrated by drawings of the trio from water-colors by Miss Kingsley, a portrait of Canon Kingsley, and a picture of Eversley Rectory.

It is understood that Mrs. De Long is preparing an account of the disastrous Jeannette expedition, in which her husband perished.

We have just enjoyed a privilege which the public will enjoy next Tuesday—that of seeing a complete copy of *Harper's Christmas*. Criticism stands disarmed before this beautiful publication. From the first page to the last it is a delight to the eye and to the mind. The design of the cover is by Elihu Vedder. It represents the profile of a woman outlined against a full moon. The border is of conventionalized leaves. White and dark blue are the colors used, and the body of the cover is French gray. To Mr. Frederick Dielman is given the place of honor. His frontispiece, 'A Girl I Know,' is the best thing we have ever seen from his pencil—and he is to be congratulated on knowing so beautiful a girl. Another page-picture by the same artist is 'Decorating the Church' for Christmas—a reduction of which is printed as a frontispiece in the December number of *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Boughton's 'Peter Stuyvesant and the Maiden' is in his best style; and Mr. Reinhardt's, and Mr. Abbey's page-illustrations are pictures worthy to hang on any wall. The letter-press is quite equal to the illustrations, being by E. C. Stedman, G. W. Curtis, Mark Twain, 'Uncle Remus', T. B. Aldrich, Thos. Hardy, and many others equally well known. Our English cousins should take a hint from this Christmas publication, and give us something as good—if they can. The age of gaudy color-printing has gone by: only costermonger's wives care for the conventional lithographs of well-fed children in furs and feathers.

\* For other literary notes see page 314.

## The Critic

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See advertisement of THE CRITIC on Page vii.

### Pulpit Oratory.

THE last thing a preacher ought to desire is to have people flock to his church because he is a fine orator, or read his sermons because they are literary models. And, in fact, the attractive power of mere rhetoric upon church-goers is much less than is popularly supposed. It is true that a class of sensitive persons find themselves repelled from this or that preacher because of his bad elocution or faulty style, and the divinity schools are from time to time urged, patronizingly or contemptuously, to furnish their students a better rhetorical training—of which many of them, doubtless, stand in need. Sometimes this demand for a better pulpit oratory is very severe, and presupposes exceptional gifts, and this is plainly unfair to the average preacher who, like the average man in the sister professions, is but moderately endowed. For while the critic demands elocutionary power, he is offended—or else his neighbor is—by the least suspicion of an acquired manner; and while the sermons must be worth publishing and reading, it is fatal if they seem to have been prepared with the publisher in view. According to this standard, therefore, the preacher must be an extraordinary man. Either he must be by nature possessed of eloquence and a graceful or pithy style, or he must have the rare gift of being able to assimilate the suggestions of his homiletical professor so thoroughly that the result appears to be his own natural growth.

We are not sure whether the correspondent who thinks we do not in this journal pay sufficient attention to 'Ministers and Sermons' belongs to this order of critics or not. He is, on the whole, non-committal, and we are left to draw our own inferences from the fine irony with which he inquires: 'Is their Oratory or the delivery of the Sermons so perfect that it cannot be improved, and is the subject presented in such words—and of such a make-up—that it is in its most attractive form as the words come from the Preacher's lips?' At all events, the hypercritics are in the minority, and while the precious endowment of real eloquence will always be rated at its full value, it is still true that the pulpit-speaker, like every other orator, may be sure of an audience if he fulfill certain conditions which are always more or less within his own power. Our correspondent will, we trust, pardon us if we do not go much into detail as to 'The style of Sermons that are interesting to Read and for an Audience to hear, and the name of the Preacher whose sermons are of that cast or Order.' Such volumes of sermons as come under our notice are reviewed from time to time in these columns, but we cannot venture upon the rôle of a religious or homiletical journal. Still, it plainly would not do for us to tell him, after the manner of some excellent people, that it is his own fault if he is not interested in the presentation of the most important subject that can occupy the thoughts of man. Doubtless, indifferent hearers are very much to blame, but the church assumes at the outset that people are indifferent, and one great business of preachers is to overcome their indifference. They are succeeding in this to some extent, and probably the reasons why they do not succeed better lie a little aside from those of which our cautious correspondent is thinking.

There never was a time when ministers had so good a technical training as they have to-day—even in the external matters of style and delivery; but it is no disparagement of their great services to the cause they represent and the community at large to say that with a broader and deeper preparation they might do much more. We do not refer to religious experience. Our ministers, as a class, are men of earnestness and high spiritual aims. If they lack anything in this respect, it is not our province to dwell on it. But the very thoroughness of their special training tends to make them somewhat narrow, and the very fervor of their religious life carries with it the danger that they will forget how to take hold of men whose religious life is nothing to speak of. Those elements in their preparatory course which will give them not only broad sympathies but broad views, which will interest them profoundly in all human affairs—natural science, social science, politics, trade, with all the moral problems connected with these—are the ones which ought just now to be encouraged. The strictly denominational college may for a time send more students into the ministry, but it does not do to count ministers in order to determine the effectiveness of modern preaching; they must also be weighed and measured. The minister who, along with a thorough technical training, has learned to care deeply—personally, and not officially—for all the human concerns that fill up the lives of men at large, and who will bring religion to men just where they are, may preach to them in very plain and homely fashion and always command a hearing.

### A. Bronson Alcott.

MR. BRONSON ALCOTT, whose illness has drawn the sympathy of a wide circle of friends, has been for half a century an important figure in the literary and philosophical coteries of Eastern Massachusetts. A man who has lived a blameless life for eighty-three years, devoted to the sweetest and loftiest intellectual pursuits—who has impressed himself and his pureness of thought upon two generations—is a worthy figure. Whether his philosophy during those years was wayward, or charitable, or mystic, or transcendental, it was philosophy within the old Platonic definition—an inalienable love of wisdom. He valued all knowledge, but the knowledge of knowledge was his first love.

He loved to talk of it. He was a good listener, but those who have known him best have found it for their interest not to leave him silent long. They found a value in his talk which did not strike one so forcibly in his published writings. He was eminently a talker—perhaps, by his very virtue as a talker, unfitted for continuous and attractive reasoning as a writer. Yet one gets the idea of him, from his activity among New England literary men, from the pervasive presence of his sayings and ideas there, that he was more of a publicist than he was. He had the good fortune—and the good fortune was mutual—of living among the Transcendental lights, and of being of them—at one time their leader, and active in all relations. Whatever his value in the practical work of regenerating society, his spirit was of the burning, elevating sort; he was alive all over to reforms. He was intimate with Emerson throughout the latter's life, with Thoreau, with the Channings, with Mr. Ripley, in sympathy with the Brook Farm experiment; with Parker in Boston; with Garrison in the anti-slavery crusade. He was the orphic oracle in *The Dial*—so much a lover of the aspiring element in man that he had a sympathetic side toward every one whose face was to the East, and whose trust was in the sunrise.

Declining to join the Brook Farm Community, he formed a community by himself, trying, says Mr. Frothingham in his history of Transcendentalism, 'to do his part toward the solution of the "labor and culture problem"' by supporting himself by manual labor in Concord, working during the summer in field and garden, and in winter chopping wood in the village woodlands, all the time keeping his mind intent on high thoughts. Later, he carried his love of the ideal life farther, withdrew 'from civil society as constituted, declined to pay the tax imposed by the authorities, and was lodged in Concord jail, where he would have stayed,' had not the tax been paid for him against his wish. There was withal such a childlike and pure spirit in his wayward idealism that one got to thinking of him as a creature of the upper, invisible currents, who only touched our lower perversities of mind to get inextricably entangled among them. The ordinary gross and sensual man, who could steer his bark very well below, even against adverse fates, was bewildered when he tried to follow this spiritual child of the skies in his ethereal region. It was probably a temporal misfortune to Mr. Alcott to have enrolled himself thus among the Mystics; but no one could know him well without becoming assured that the Mystic philosopher was the gainer spiritually. However men may differ as to the worth of particular articles in Mr. Alcott's creed, the sympathies of the guild of letters should be with all such men of spiritual minds.



ORIENTAL studies throughout the world have sustained a severe loss by the death, on October 12th, of Arthur C. Burnell. No Sanskrit scholar of English birth remains who can be called his peer. During many years a judicial officer of high rank in the civil service of Southern India, and loaded with professional cares which have of themselves broken down many a strong constitution, he yet found or made time for a remarkable series of original contributions to the world's knowledge of Ancient India. His works were mostly intended for the immediate use of scholars, and he sought no meed of acknowledgment from the general public. His self-sacrificing zeal in aiding the studies of European scholars by materials collected in India was most praiseworthy. Many striking discoveries, of ancient records believed lost, rewarded his research. Conspicuous among his published works is his Southern Indian Palæography—an attempt to trace the origin and relations of the numerous modes of writing, ancient and modern, current in the Dekhorn. But a wider welcome is likely to be given to his new translation of the Laws of Manu, the well-known ancient and authoritative text-book of Indian jurisprudence. This has been for some time promised as one of the next volumes of Trübner's Oriental Series, and it is to be hoped that its appearance will be neither frustrated nor long delayed by the death of its author. Burnell was compelled, two or three years ago, to quit India and devote himself to the restoration of his health, broken down with excessive labor. He had spent his winters in the mild climate of Italy, and his friends were hoping for a prolongation of his valuable life, when a sudden attack of acute disease carried him off.

IT SEEMS to be certain now that Professor E. H. Palmer, Cambridge Professor of Arabic, and one of the leading Orientalists of England, has been murdered in Egypt. He was the author of a work called 'The Desert of the Exodus' (1871), in which he recorded a journey on foot in the wilderness of the forty years' wanderings. His last work was a revision of Henry Martyn's Persian New Testament. Not long ago he translated the Koran. He was a frequent writer and reviewer on Oriental subjects for the London Times. With Mr. Walter Besant he wrote a history of Jerusalem, and for Mr. Besant's 'New Plutarch' series he wrote a life of 'Haroun al-Raschid.' He was one of the few men with whom the gypsies were not unwilling to fraternize; he was part author of a volume of songs in Romany; and his name appears frequently in Mr. Leland's recent book, in which he is openly called 'The Palmer.' This nickname may, however, contain a slanting allusion to his fondness for modern magic, for among his friends he was known as an adept in prestidigitation. He contributed the article on 'Legerdemain' to the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; and he had again and again written learned and entertaining reviews of thaumaturgical and spiritualistic books for *The Saturday Review*. Like all who have given any attention to the means and methods of the modern magicians, he put no faith in the claims of 'mind-readers' or spiritualists of any kind.

### A. Valediction.

AT last, O Summer, do you die  
From very shame, chagrin, despair,  
Who, envious rival, dared to vie  
In graces with my lady fair;  
You, rash new-comer, vainly sought  
The beauties of my Love to match:  
Your own discomfiture you wrought  
In laboring her charms to catch.

To gain the colors of her cheek,  
You thought the flowers to create,—  
O foolish vanity, to seek  
Its dainty tints to imitate;  
You heard her laughter's melody,  
You heard the silver of her voice,—  
A thousand brooks began to be,  
A thousand songsters to rejoice!

You saw the azure of her eyes,  
You saw the amber of her hair,—  
You lit the depths of limpid skies,  
You tinged the tender sunsets there;  
You saw her face beneath her hood,  
You heard her whisper sweets to me,—  
You flecked with flitting shades the wood,  
You stirred the leaves to minstrelsy.

But, vain!—the flowers, defeated, paled  
In grief, or burned in shame, and died,  
The brooks swelled sullenly or failed,  
The birds fled far with wounded pride,

The skies but weep or bleakly stare,  
The leafless woods but moan and sigh,—  
You cannot match my lady fair,  
And so, O Summer, do you die!

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

### "Andrew Jackson as a Public Man."\*

IT WAS NOT in human nature, perhaps, that a collegiate 'professor of political and social science' should permit such a chance to escape him, as that of writing a biography of Andrew Jackson gives, for an essay on political economy, illustrated by historical events. There is not much about Jackson in the volume; but there is a great deal about political economy, and the application of its immutable laws to commerce and to finance, of all knowledge of which Jackson was as innocent as the majority of his followers are to-day. Not that such questions ever troubled him any more than they would a Jackson club now, or that he ever hesitated to act upon them with as little hesitation as if he were moved by the profoundest learning and reflection. Prof. Sumner can hardly have been unconscious of the humor of his work while he was about it. It could not be funnier to read some of his chapters at a meeting in Tammany Hall—or of the Republican General Committee, for that matter—supposing such a thing possible, than it is to assume that the questions of finance, of constitutional law, of free trade and protection, of the whole science of political economy, which Prof. Sumner sets forth so luminously and with such wealth of knowledge, were subjects with which General Jackson ever had anything to do, with any intelligent consciousness of their importance or their meaning. In short, the author has simply taken the name of a man, whom temporary events at a certain period placed in a conspicuous position, on which to hang the essential history of that period in the development of democratic institutions, and the essential principles which ought to govern them. Jackson had as much to do with them as a bull in a china shop has to do with ceramics, who runs his horns indiscriminately through a Sèvres vase and an earthen pitcher.

### Books for Boys.

YOUNG FOLKS will keep green the memory of the late Sidney Lanier for his boys' editions of certain famous books—Froissart's chronicles, the 'Mabinogion,' the Arthurian legends, and now the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' which Bishop Thomas Percy edited—less conscientiously than Mr. Lanier—and published nearly a hundred and twenty years ago. There is a first-rate introduction to the book (written in the editor's admirably pure English), in which the history of the 'Reliques' is told—and in which worthy Matt Prior comes in for harsher treatment than most of us would have the heart to give him. Mr. Lanier's love of old English poetry is well remembered. One phase of it appears in the conclusion to this preface: 'He who walks in the way these following ballads point, will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior, and honest in all things. In this trust, and this knowledge, I now commend my young countrymen to "The Boy's Percy."' No one need hesitate to endorse this commendation. The book is worthily illustrated by E. B. Bensell, and beautifully printed by a Philadelphia press. (Scribner: \$2.50.)

EVEN IF the author's name were unfamiliar, one would not need to see the imprint of Gilbert & Rivington in George Manville Fenn's 'Off to the Wilds' (Crowell: \$1.75), in order to detect its English origin. The book is one of those diffuse but morally innocuous stories of adventure, which inspire the British youth of tender years with a desire to take a rifle to the antipodes and see what he can shoot. The inspiration usually evaporates before the rifle has been bought; and so no harm is done, either to the reader or the rhinoceros which he has dreamt of shooting. In the present volume the charm lies chiefly in the illustrations, which are numerous and well drawn, and bring vividly before the mind the excitements of the chase enjoyed by Masters Jack and Dick, and their Zulu lads, Coffee and Chicory.

'DRAKE, THE SEA-KING OF DEVON,' says Mr. George M. Towle, in his life of that doughty navigator (Lee & Shepard: \$1.25)—'Drake was one of those rough, blunt, sturdy, fearless men who seem peculiarly formed to do deeds of heroism, to appear most nobly in scenes of danger, and to achieve the most difficult feats of daring and action, . . . and his career, stirring and adventurous, bold and unrelenting from early youth to age, in spite of the piracies which were excused by his own time, though they seem wicked in ours, is full of lessons of manly qualities, and of great and often admirable deeds.' Mr. Towle, fortunately for the interest of his young readers, is at less pains to enforce their moral than to give a lively description of the

\* Andrew Jackson as a Public Man. By Wm. G. Sumner, Professor, etc. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

stirring incidents in his hero's life; and the result of his efforts in this direction is a book which deserves the popularity it is sure to win.

THE VERY THIN thread of story which we noted some weeks ago in 'The Giant Raft' is still further attenuated in this new volume by Jules Verne—'The Cryptogram,' translated by W. T. Gordon. (Scribner: \$1.50). There is a heavier strain on the probabilities, and a more ghostly effect in the incidents which the artist has fixed in some particularly morbid illustrations. But no doubt the youthful readers will find, as they generally do in this author, a good deal of information in the course of their subfluvial search for the dead body of the villain of the story. The methods of Edgar Poe have their fascination for the curious, and Jules Verne has followed them closely. His horrors are cold-blooded, but probably exciting to the street gamin for whom they seem to be chiefly intended; but the street gamin will surely jump the ingenious calculations of Judge Jarriguez as to the meaning of the Cryptogram, which are spun out even beyond the wont of Poe.

#### Mr. Howells's Titles.

AFTER the sitting-down which the San Francisco *Argonaut* gave us the other day, anent the Shakspearian titles of Mr. Howells's works, we hesitated to express an opinion on the origin of the name of his latest story, 'A Woman's Reason.' We had found the words in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' but we preferred to throw all responsibility in the matter on our trans-continental critic. The subject, however, has engaged the attention of certain correspondents and contemporaries nearer home—among others, the Springfield *Republican*; so we hesitate no longer to add 'A Woman's Reason' to the list with which we favored our readers a fortnight since. The same title, by the way, was chosen by Mrs. Burnett for a forthcoming poem in *The Century* before Mr. Howells saw fit to substitute it for the name, 'A Sea-Change,' which his new novel originally bore. We print one or two of the communications referred to above.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In rendering your bill of particulars touching Mr. Howells's titles to your precise San Francisco critic, you seem to have overlooked 'A Counterfeit Presentment' (Hamlet, III., iv.). As to 'A Woman's Reason,' see 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' I., ii.

I have no other but a woman's reason:  
I think him so, because I think him so.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 9, 1882.

C. W. BALESTIER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Your argument in regard to the Shakspearian origin of Mr. Howells's titles would be strengthened by adding to the list, 'A Counterfeit Presentment' ('Hamlet,' III., iv.)—one of his brightest sketches.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6, 1882.

FRANCIS H. WILLIAMS.

#### Shakspeare a Woman.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your review of Wilkes's 'Shakspeare,' you state that your 'own private opinion is that, from his (Shakspeare's) very many allusions to teeth, he was unquestionably a dentist.' I do not think your position tenable. From the numberless references to the female sex in the great dramatist's works, I think that beyond all question Shakspeare was a woman. Mr. Wilkes must have overlooked this point.

ALBION, N. Y., November 13, 1882.

W. H. S.

#### The Slow Growth of Shakspeare's Fame.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Many editors hold with Hudson that the Plays of Shakspeare were appreciated as soon as they were published. Yet proofs are not wanting that during the first half of the 17th century his name stood low. He is unmentioned by writers on the literary developments of England who must have spoken of him had they thought him worth mentioning. One instance of such expressive silence—a brilliant flash of silence—is afforded by Peter Heylin. Among the fifty works of Heylin (b. 1600, d. 1662) his 'Cosmographie,' says Fuller, 'achieved a general repute and not undeservedly.' It was one of Milton's geographical authorities; scarcely any scholar's library was without it; and long after the author's death it was praised by Locke. In this 'Cosmographie,' published in 1652—a folio of 1057 pages—Heylin having, among British worthies, set down writers of various classes, thus continues:

And finally for Poetrie: Gower, a Lidgate, a Monk of Burie, the famous Geofrie Chaucer, brother in Law to John of Gaunt the great Duke of Lancaster, etc., 4 sir Philip Sidney himself of whom and his Arcadia more when we come to Greece; the renowned Spencer, of whom and his Faerie Queen in another place, 6 Sam Daniel, the Lucan, 7 with Michael Drayton the Ovid of the English nation, 8 Beaumont and 9 Fletcher, not inferior unto Terence and Plautus; with 10 My friend Ben. Johnson, equal to any of the ancients for the exactness of his pen, and the decorum which he kept in Dramatick poems never before observed on the English Theatre. Others there are as eminent both for arts and arms as those here specified; of whom as being still alive I forbear to speak. Vol. I., p. 268.

The ten poets selected by Heylin as the glory of England have not now taken together, one tith of Shakspeare's popularity. That dramatist could not have been ignored except by a critic who considered him both beneath the least of them and as so regarded by the reading public of his day. Hey-

lin's silence is then significant, and all the more because he was chaplain to Charles I., who is known to have been a Shakspearian reader. *Tacendo clamat.*

Heylin also tells at large the story of Macbeth, 'than which,' says he, 'for variety of action and strangeness of events I never met with any more pleasing.' But his Macbeth is Holinshed's, whom he clearly preferred to Shakspeare's, it indeed the Shakspearian creation was known to him at all. Heylin's omission was noticed in his own time by Ward, the parson in Stratford-on-Avon, who made this memorandum:

Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays and be much versed in them that I may not be ignorant in this matter, [namely] whether Heylin does well in reckoning up the dramatic poets who have been famous in England to omit Shakspeare.

But neither Ward nor the author of Shakspeare's Century of Praise, seems to have fallen upon the following Shakspearian allusion in Heylin or Fuller's comment upon it. Heylin says:

Such an enemy is our author [Fuller] to old traditions, that he must needs have a blow at Glastonbury thorn, though before cut down, like Sir John Falstaff in the play, who to show his valor must thrust his sword into the bodies of those men who were dead before.

Fuller's retort is:

The animadverto hath wronged me, and the comedian hath wronged Sir John Falstaff. He was a valiant Knight, famous for his achievements in France as the history of St. George testifieth, Knight of the garter by Henry VI., and one who disclaimed to violate the concerns of the dead.

MADISON, WIS., Nov. 12, 1882.

J. D. BUTLER.

#### LITERARY NOTES.\*

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has written a preface to an English fac-simile reprint of the first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe.' This has somewhat delayed his work on his Life of Fielding for the English Men-of-Letters Series. His selection of 'Eighteenth Century Essays,' which has just been reprinted here by D. Appleton & Co., was noticed in these columns on its appearance in London, quite recently. We need only repeat that it is as apt and as admirable a choice of the 'social articles' of the British essayists as could be made.

The three parts of 'Henry VI.,' each filling a volume, have been added to Rolfe's Shakspeare (Harper).

An English economist, Mr. George Burden-Rowell, is about to publish a new book, entitled 'State Aid and State Interference.' In it, we learn, he will republish an article of his 'On the Failure of Protection in the United States,' which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* recently. The book will deal also with bounties, and other effects of government action in regard to a nation's commerce and industry.

B. Westermann & Co. have issued Part II. of their Classical Catalogue, containing a list of their collection of Greek and Latin archaeological works, dictionaries, grammars, etc.

The January number of *The Century* will contain an article on the late Dean Stanley, by Prof. W. H. Myers; and 'Who are the Creoles?', by George W. Cable, illustrated by Pennell.

The January number of *Harper's Magazine* will have the first paper of George H. Boughton's 'Artists' Strolls in Holland,' illustrated by the author and Mr. E. A. Abbey; and 'The Ladies of St. James,' a poem, by Austin Dobson.

In the latest number (October) of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is begun a list of the books, pamphlets, broadsides, etc., by and about, or in any way relating to, Benjamin Franklin. The present instalment gives the titles of all of Franklin's writings. In the January Bulletin will be given the titles of all known publications about him; and in the April number, probably, will follow a list of everything printed or published by Franklin, with notices of MSS., autographs, etc. The Boston Public Library has in its Franklin collection 547 volumes, counting all pamphlets bound together as one volume.

A copy of the Villon Society's literal and unexpurgated translation of 'The Arabian Nights' has found its way to this city, but the book-sellers are doubtful about handling a publication so unfit for the library table. It will be complete in nine quarto volumes, and it is therefore not a work that could very well be kept out of sight. The edition is limited and sold only by subscription.

A complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the 9th inst., at Delmonico's, Mr. Wm. M. Evarts presiding. Mr. Spencer sailed for England on Saturday last, in no better health, we regret to say, than when he arrived here, some weeks ago.

Messrs. Armstrong will publish, early in December, a stout volume on 'Home Worship,' edited by Rev. J. H. Taylor, D.D. The book contains essays by Mr. Spurgeon, Bishop Simpson, and Drs. W. M. Taylor, John Hall, and G. D. Boardman, so that it can hardly be called sectarian. Bible readings, prayers, and hymns are arranged for every day of the year. The book will be sold by subscription only.

The title of the Messrs. Appleton's forthcoming holiday book, 'Fifty Perfect Poems,' is provocative of discussion, and critics will

\* For other literary notes see page 311.



doubtless question the opinion of the Editors, Messrs. C. H. Dana and Rossiter Johnson. They will not, however, question the setting of the poems. The typography is admirable, and the illustrations, though they are not of uniform merit, are made to show to the best advantage by being printed on Japanese silk paper, which has been set on the page after the printing of the book. This was no easy task, and many experiments were necessary to ensure success. The publishers claim that this is the first time Japanese silk paper has been used in this way. The Messrs. Appleton are doing some beautiful book-work this year. Their reprint of the Parchment Series is quite equal to the English edition of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., and has been popularly mistaken for it.

*The Athenæum* says that The Typographical Union has brought such pressure to bear upon the State Department at Washington as to defeat the negotiations for an international copyright. This will be news in America.

The 'Publisher's Trade List Annual' for 1882 (F. Leypoldt) is a volume of imposing dimensions, and shows how busy the American publishers have been during the past year. It is better in arrangement and in index than the previous numbers.

The rage for limited editions is fast extending to this country. The last edition of this sort is 'Evangeline: the Place, the Story, and the Poem,' by President Noah Porter of Yale, a few copies of which Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have ready this week. The book has nineteen illustrations by Frank Dicksee, fifteen of which are photogravure reproductions, and the other four proof-impressions on India paper.

Those boys and girls who have been so unfortunate as not to enjoy the weekly visits of *Harper's Young People* may now in a measure retrieve their loss. The bound volume for 1882 is just ready. It is, if there is any difference, better than its predecessors. It contains over 800 illustrations, and the stories and papers with which it is filled are of endless variety. Science as well as adventure has been made to subserve the interests of its young readers. The articles by Mrs. Herrick and Mr. Barnard have been read, we will venture to say, with as much delight as the well-told stories of Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Otis. Every form of amusement is offered to the young; and from the number and variety of the 'wiggles' in the present volume, it would appear that this form of puzzle had become as popular as the rebus used to be.

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson is giving a series of Wednesday morning lectures on English literature at MacGregor's Dancing Parlors.

Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son have nearly ready 'Revivals, How and When,' by W. W. Newell, D.D. The book contains a portrait of the author, and is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge.

Miss Mathilde Blind's forthcoming monograph on George Eliot will, it is said, contain much that is new concerning the famous novelist.

Messrs. Roberts have prepared a very neat edition of the works of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in ten volumes, bound in imitation calf, and of the novels of Jean Ingelow, in four volumes, similarly bound. The former is offered at \$15, the latter at \$5.

Messrs. Appleton have issued a revised edition of their cheap 'Winter Resorts'.

George Rose, better known as Arthur Sketchley, has just died in London. He was an exceedingly humorous writer, and will be remembered for his Mrs. Brown sketches, 'Mrs. Brown at the Play' being one of the most amusing things we have ever read. It is pleasant to be able to state, on the authority of the *Tribune*, that Mr. Rose 'was unmarried, but, in his family, no man was ever more affectionate and gentle, or more beloved.' Much virtue in 'but'!

Messrs. Macmillan will issue in a few days, 'How to Dissect a Bird,' which will form Part II. of 'A Handbook of Vertebrate Dissection,' by Prof. H. Newell Martin and Dr. Wm. A. Moale.

In a letter just received by a correspondent in this country, Mr. Clarke Russell says: 'I understand that a letter I sent to *The Athenæum* has been printed in some of your journals. The *Star* was sent to me by a friend in London. I had never heard of the journal, but was mightily incensed, when reading the reference to the sale of my books, by considering that I have never received a farthing from an American publisher. Harpers say they have paid Sampson Low. I am not Sampson Low. In the absence of copyright, the author's claims should be recognized by a payment that should have no reference to his publishers or anybody else—that is, if the reprinted books are as successful as mine are. Perhaps the Harpers have lost money over me; perhaps there is no truth in the *Star's* statement. I know nothing, except that I am very ill-used.' So far as the Messrs. Harper are concerned, we cannot see that they have been to blame in the matter; though Mr. Russell deserves the sympathy of all authors who have suffered from the lack of an international copyright.

#### FRENCH NOTES.

THE FOURTH VOLUME of Daudet's complete works, published jointly by MM. Dentu and Charpentier, contains his novel, 'Le Petit Chose.' It is preceded by a new and striking preface. 'Oui, c'est bien moi, ce petit Chose, obligé de gagner sa vie à seize ans dans cet horrible métier de pion, et l'exerçant au fond d'une province, d'un pays de hauts fourneaux qui nous envoyait de grossiers petits montagnards m'insultant dans leur patois cevenol, brutal, et dur. Livré à contes les persecutions de ces monstres, entourés de cagots et de cuistres qui me méprisaient, j'ai subi là les basses humiliations du pauvre.'

The second series of Armand de Pontmartin's 'Souvenirs d'un vieux Critique' (Calmann Lévy) contains notices of the work of St. Victor, Feuille, Mérimée, Barbier, Claretie, Flaubert, Berlioz, Deroulède, and Féval—a strange medley.—'L'Arnolphe de Molière' (Ollendorf) is a theatrical study by the elder Coquelin. It recounts the first performance of a play by Molière, and is rich in archaeological detail. M. Coquelin now shines in the triple characters of actor, barrister, and author.

'Les Régiments sous Louis XV.' (Dumaine) is a military history by M. Lucien Mouillard, a young painter of ability. He describes the French army of a century and a half ago; depicts every regiment, every uniform, every flag. His illustrations are excellent, and the book bids fair to be a classic.—Some noise has followed the publication of a brochure by M. Tanneguy de Wogan, entitled 'Le Moyen de Vivre Bien à dix Sous par Jour' (Dentu). The author is particularly hard on the beefsteak. 'C'est un trompeur,' he says. 'Il apporte la faiblesse, la décrépitude, et une mort prématurée.'—A contribution to the Elzevirean Oriental Library is 'Le Livre des Morts des Anciens Egyptiens' (Leroux). It is a translation from the papyrus of Turin and the manuscripts of the Louvre, accompanied by notes, and followed by an analytic index by M. Paul Pierrot, Curator of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre.

'Sous les Pommiers' is Alphonse Karr's new book (Calmann Lévy). It is made up, as usual, of smart aphorisms. Most of them are about women. 'Eve ate the apple ten minutes before Adam. She has ever since kept her start.' Some of them are witty.—The novels are dull. 'Son Excellence Satinette,' by Edouard Cadal (Marpon & Flammarion), is political, introducing living statesmen. 'Le Calvaire d'Héloïse Pajadon,' by M. Lucien Descaves (Brussels: Kistemaekers), is the story of a washerwoman, deceived by her husband, and is told quite in the realistic manner. The best of the class is Th. Bentzon's 'Le Retour' (Calmann Lévy), recounting the adventures of a young girl whom poverty drives on the stage, and who subsequently returns to obscurity and her lover.

#### GERMAN NOTES.

THE 'IRANIAN ANTIQUITIES' ('Eranische Alterthumskunde') of the veteran scholar, Spiegel, in three stout volumes, completed a few years since, is well known to students of Oriental history. A younger man, a pupil of Spiegel, has just issued a somewhat similar work on a smaller scale, in an octavo of 500 pages. This is the 'Ancient Culture in Eastern Iran' ('Ostiranische Kultur im Altertum') of Wilhelm Geiger (Erlangen.) It is a working-out and orderly presentation of the material given in the Zoroastrian scripture, the Avesta, somewhat after the plan successfully carried out by Zimmer, three or four years ago, for the India of the Vedas. It is worthy of the most careful attention from all who are interested in the history of Aryan civilization and religion.

Arnold Ruge, an active promoter of the revolutionary movement in Germany which culminated in 1848, died a few months ago in England, where he had lived in exile for over thirty years, the friend and fellow-worker of Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin and other champions of democratic government. His last work, 'History of our Times' (Leipzig: Winter), has just been published. It embraces the period from the wars against Napoleon down to the French declaration of war against Prussia—i.e., from 1812 to 1870. Ruge died at the advanced age of eighty-one. The conclusions of so violent a partisan must be taken with great caution, yet they will prove of much value to the student of contemporary history.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

PROFESSOR FERRIERI'S 'Guida allo Studio Critico della Letteratura' (Rome: Paravia), is chiefly remarkable as being about the first attempt to instruct Italian schoolboys in ancient and modern literature from a strictly contemporary point of view. Thus, while the Professor finds good in Homer, he also finds good in Zola. He recommends the spoken, not the written, language of Florence as the only true Italian.

'Lettere Politiche dell' abate Casti scritte da Vienna nell' Anno 1793' is a curious work, by Emanuele Greppi (Turin: Paravia). Casti was famous as a libertine of the type of Casanova de Seingalt. He was, also, an acute observer, and living at the Court of Vienna, at

a time when Europe was preparing for war with France, he wrote letters which have historical importance.

Enrico Castelnova's stories, 'Sorrisi e Lagrime' (Milan: Treves), are of irreproachable morality. His maidens sell their hair to save their mother; his wives, always on the verge of falling, are always saved in time; his husbands are never led very far astray. The best of the tales are 'L'Anello di Diamanti' and 'Bangalore.'

## Science

### "A History of Shorthand."\*

IT IS HARDLY correct to call this a history, although there is much that is historical in its pages, especially in the first 125 pages, which are largely a compilation from German works. The book is rather an effort to show that characters leaning to the right hand are the only practical ones for a shorthand system. Out of some five hundred systems, there are only from six to ten based exclusively, or in any material portion, upon the sloping principle. The large majority of system-makers have perceived that the adoption of this principle involves a considerable loss—a loss of brevity and speed as well as of legibility. It compels the use of superfluous loops or circles on some of the forms merely to ensure distinctness. Three or four of these slope systems are conspicuously German. Now the German speaker averages 110 to 120 words per minute; the most rapid speaker in the present German Parliament, Herr Bennegsen, cannot go beyond 158. The average rate of the American, on the other hand, is 50 per cent more rapid. We could name many public speakers who often use from 200 to 220 words per minute. Why does Mr. Anderson omit from his list more than twenty English systems quite as worthy of enumeration as most of those named? Why does he ignore that of Bishop Wilkins, which is mentioned in most histories of the art and encyclopædias? But if he is unjust to the English system-makers, he is still more neglectful of American workers in this field who, to their credit be it said, are always ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to foreign authors.

During the last ten or fifteen years the art of shorthand writing has assumed an importance foreseen only by its most sanguine advocates. This has led to a lively inquiry after the best system, and many persons not well up in the recent history of the art have attempted to supply the demand. Among these we must reckon the author of this History. The first 70 or 80 pages promise a thorough work; but it soon appears that Mr. Anderson is chiefly an advocate for the application to the English language of the principles of a German sloping-letter, a-b-c, unphonetic system, by F. X. Gabelsberger. He lauds this above all others, but he does not use its alphabet, nor any near approximation to it, for the construction of his own system. Both alphabets, as illustrated below, exhibit the most prodigal waste of material:

#### ANDERSON'S ALPHABET.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L		
—	6	(	✓	∧	)	p	7	/	/	/	6		
k	chf	th	chns	ptr	rpt	s, sch	ktch	cht, r	chn	chpt	stchf		
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
7	9	o	/	9	v	o	/	∪	∪	∪	∪	∪	∪
schr	chrt	s	chch	schr	ptrt	st	ch	n	rtcht	neht	chtk	rtche	rik

#### GABELSBERGER'S ALPHABET.

Applied to English by Geiger.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	
	6	6	e	-	-	7	9	z	6	
rtart	chf	chnst	rtchft	kt	rt	ch	chr	shrt	rtchrt	rtchnst
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	SH	
~	e	2	~	~	6	?	~	8	2	
m	rtsw	chrf	mtnd	nt	lahn	chrtst	pt	rtalt	shrtst	
T	TH	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
/	/	~	s	c	~	z	~			
chch	m	vtrd	laht	yshnd	ms	rtchrt	rtalt			

\* History of Shorthand, with a Review of its Present Condition. By Thomas Anderson. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

The table here given presents first an illustration of Mr. Anderson's alphabet, giving the values of each character in another system, —the one proved to be the most practical, and the most economical of shorthand material, known to the writer. It will be seen that the value of Mr. Anderson's 'b' is, in the system selected as the standard of comparison, 'chf'; so that while this reformer is writing one letter the standard writer will write three letters or sounds. While Mr. Anderson is writing 'd' a standard writer will write a word of four letters or sounds—such as 'chains.' In the standard system no motion of the hand is wasted. Whoever examines the next alphabet, Gabelsberger's, will observe a yet greater waste of material. In five instances, one letter only is represented by the respective characters, when if the same forms were used, as they often are in the practical standard system, five letters or sounds would be represented. In two of his forms there is a loss of seven letters or sounds, and in two other instances there is a loss of six. All these forms are in constant use in the practical standard. It would seem incredible that verbatim reporting could be done in the English language, or even in German, by a system based on such an alphabet. And yet this is believed by Mr. Anderson to be superior to all others, and to contain the principles on which the most perfect system must be founded.

We have been at pains to indicate the faults of this new system, or old system modified, because we know that many young men and women, looking anxiously for some royal road to the mastery of this useful art, are ready to jump at any new method which secures the endorsement of good letter-press and binding. Our advice to all such is to examine closely the claims of each new system, and in the meantime to give their days—and nights too, if need be—to the study of the standard system in use in the United States.

### "Slight Ailments: their Nature and Treatment."

DR. LIONEL S. BEALE is known here as well as in England as an able microscopist; his works on chemical physiology and kindred subjects are read everywhere. He has now condescended to write a book for the general public regarding the treatment of simple complaints. (Philadelphia: Blakiston: \$1.25) Interesting and lucid descriptions of the origin and behavior of ordinary diseases abound in it, and the unwarrantable superstition and ignorance which exist in the public mind are cleverly combated. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, and the neuralgic may find crumbs of comfort in its pages, and even the unfortunate possessor of a dramatic disorder not fit for ears polite is furnished with hints how he may best find relief in artemesia or santonica. The author's style is half-humorous, notably so in the analysis of criticism on page 115. According to Dr. Beale, the successful critic has no bowels of compassion, or at best very poor ones.

### The Nervous System.

IN AN insignificant-looking little volume, which forms number nine of the Health-Primer Series ('The Nervous System': Appleton: 40c), we find a concise, easily-understood review of recent nervous anatomy and physiology. It is clever, because of its original and ingenious condensation, and is fully illustrated. The relation of the nervous system to digestion and circulation, and its influence upon respiration and secretion are sketched; and an admirable chapter upon the higher functions of the nervous system ends the volume. In this chapter, quite sensible advice regarding the exercise of memory, and the education of children, is given.

### Scientific Notes.

A STRANGE case of parasitism has recently been made known by Prof. Tozzetti, of Florence. A small pedunculated cirriped or barnacle (*Ornitholepas australis*) has been discovered living upon the ends of the abdominal feathers of a puffin—the *Puffinus cinereus*. The anomaly arises from the fact that the cirripeds are branchiferous and especially fitted for submarine life, while the puffin, although a waterfowl, is 'one of the most aerial of birds.' Nevertheless, all of the puffins taken in the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean—nearly a hundred—were found to be infested with the cirripeds.

A biological station has been established at Sydney, New South Wales, chiefly through the efforts of Baron Mielutcho Maclay. Among other contributions, the Royal Society of New South Wales has made a grant therefor of £25 for the year, and assistance is expected from the Royal Society of Victoria and the Australian Biological Association. The station will be open to 'biologists of the male sex' of all nations on the payment of a small weekly sum, which is to meet the expenses of service, etc.

The plume-moths have wings cleft into feathery plumes, and when flying, remind one of drifting thistle-down. Mr. J. E. Taylor recalls that of about twenty species of *Pterophorus* whose larval habits are known, one half feed on composite plants having plumed seeds, and it is therefore suggested that the wings of the moths, mimicking the down, must be protective to females when depositing their eggs, as well as when they are flying.



The statistics of the lumbering industry of the United States for the year ending May 31, 1880, have been given in 'Forestry Bulletin' No. 17, of the Census Office. The capital invested was \$181,186,122; the number of hands employed, 147,956 (including 425 females over 15 years and 5967 children); wages paid, \$31,845,974; and total value of all products, \$233,367,729. Michigan was the greatest producer, its products amounting to \$52,449,928; Maine had declined to the seventh in rank, its products being only \$7,933,868.

A new genus of Rhabdopleura, an order of Polyzoans hitherto only known through one genus—Rhabdopleura—has been made known by Prof. McIntosh. It has been named Cephaliscus. It is especially distinguished by remarkable branchial or tentacular plumes and by the perfectly free condition of the polypides. It may be added that Prof. Lankester visited Norway in August expressly to study Rhabdopleura, and was successful in finding it in considerable numbers and under favorable conditions.

The number of columns in the battery of the torpedo fishes is of specific value, according to Prof. Du Bois Reymond. The eastern American species (*Torpedo occidentalis*) has a very large number, and by this character has been claimed as a British fish. Prof. Babuchin, of Moscow, has demonstrated that the electric organs are developed by the metamorphosis of striated muscle, and that the columns do not increase in number with age, but by the growth of the individual columns.

The volcanoes of Chiriqui, which have been long dormant, are said to have become active, after the September earthquakes on the Isthmus of Panama.

Tests for color-blindness will be applied to all persons employed on railways or on vessels in Sweden, after the beginning of 1883.

## The Fine Arts

### "The Great Artists."\*

A MEMOIR of an English painter—and one who was so thoroughly Saxon as George Romney,—by a keen yet sympathetic Scotchman, should be pleasant reading. Lord Ronald Gower's biography of Romney (1) is one of the best of the series, in which it appears—which is saying a good deal. The extracts from the painter's notes of travel, his own descriptions of his ambitious efforts in emulation of Michael Angelo, his sorrow at leaving Rome, are very neatly woven into the narrative. His liaison with the beautiful Lady Hamilton—'maid-of-all-work, model, mistress, ambassadress, and pauper,'—and the immense variety of Hebes, Bacchantes, sybils, and saints, for which she served him as model; his neglect of his wife, his visit to Paris on the eve of the Revolution, and his plans for great pictures in illustration of Shakspeare and Milton—these points are all cleverly touched in the two short chapters devoted to his life and work. The biography of his better-known contemporary, Lawrence, fills the rest of the volume, and is written in the same bright and easy style. A very full catalogue of the works of the two artists gives a permanent value to the book.

The influence of the school of Overbeck (2) has almost entirely disappeared, even in Germany; and yet that school was almost the sole artistic outcome of the great sentimental revival of Catholicism which gave France Chateaubriand and Lamartine, and which is still, under a different form, agitating aristocratic society in England. As such, it must always interest the curious and thoughtful student of art. While the works done under its inspiration are often singularly displeasing in color, they are also often noble in composition and drawing. Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson gives as full a biography of the master as, from the scanty materials attainable, one could hope for, and, incidentally, an account of his brother artists, Cornelius, Veit, and Schadow.

'Correggio' (3) is the latest issue of the series. Its compiler acknowledges that he is indebted to the substantial work of Dr. Julius Meyer for both his facts and his criticism; that is to say, for everything. Fortunately, Dr. Meyer's facts can be relied on, which is not the case with those of other biographers of Correggio. His criticism, sublimated and condensed by Mr. Heaton, is not so valuable. The book fills a gap, however, and, like all the others, is conveniently arranged for reference.

### "Art and Nature in Italy."

'ART AND NATURE IN ITALY,' by Eugene Benson (Roberts: \$1), is a pleasant book of essays descriptive of the birthplaces and homes of famous Italian artists, with two or three on other but related topics interspersed. Giorgione's country and Titian's country, Raphael's birthplace, the site of the country-seat of Catherine Cornaro (where the

author discovered some hitherto-unheard-of frescoes), Tintoretto's Satan (which he ranks as one of the great types of art), the Feast of St. Peter at Rome, Ferrara at dawn, Italian majolica, and other such matters, are treated with much vivid description, excellent appreciation of artistic qualities, and a redundancy of words, especially of adjectives which, while somewhat amusing to a sober-minded reader, is excused by the very nature of the subjects, and is not so great as to bore one. Though there is perhaps nothing in the book that is absolutely new, there is nothing that is not fresh and interesting. Even with the advantage of a continuous residence among the inexhaustible riches, natural and artificial, of Italy, it must require at least some tact and skill to produce such a volume. Mr. Benson has a bright and lively observation, and a mind with a strong bias toward what is best in art, which, however, causes him to look down a little too severely on what is only second-best, as in his essay on Fortuny.

### "Parisian Art and Artists."

'PARISIAN ART AND ARTISTS' (Osgood) is a handsome book made up of Mr. Bacon's contributions to *The Century*, with some additional letter-press and illustrations. The ample margins here given them improves the appearance of some of the drawings. By Parisian art Mr. Bacon does not necessarily mean French art. The art-life of Paris is lived by Britishers, Russians, Swedes, Hungarians, Spaniards, Italians, and Americans, the latter being quite as true Parisians as those who are native and to the manner born. It is of the young men that Mr. Bacon writes—the men who have recently left the Beaux Arts and the studios of the older painters; giving anecdotes and pleasant gossip of their lives. Not only this, but we are furnished with fac-similes of their work, made at his solicitation. He begins his volume with the much-discussed 'Impressionists' and their leader, Manet; and then turns his attention to the little art-colony at Ecouen, where Edouard Frère is the master. The famous studios of Paris—none more elegant than that of Vibert, none cosier than that of Sarah Bernhardt, none plainer than that of Jean Berand—are next discussed. Berand uses his studio more as a place to store his pictures in than as a workshop. He works in a cab, because he loves to paint Paris as it is seen on the streets and in the parks. Mr. Bacon's book may be taken as a series of running notes on the art of the day, and as such it has a value of its own. The November number of *The Art Amateur*, by the way, contains a full-page portrait of Mr. Bacon, with fac-similes of his work, and a sketch of his life by Richard Whiteing.

### Mr. Du Maurier and "College Cuts."

SOME of our readers may be interested in perusing the letter in which Mr. Du Maurier accepted the dedication of 'College Cuts' from *The Columbia Spectator*, noticed in the last number of *THE CRITIC*:

NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH, OCT. 15.

DEAR SIR: I have received, with much pride and pleasure, the very clever collection of 'College Cuts' which the undergraduates of Columbia College have done me the honor of dedicating to me.

I take it as a very flattering compliment to my drawings and myself that such a testimonial should come to me from such a distance—the more especially as such admirable work in Black and White is being done in America.

I can heartily congratulate the artists on their work. The execution and composition seem to me in most cases excellent, and it is delightful to see good point-work from young hands when there is so great a general tendency to use washes, and trust to the engraver's interpretation.

Absence and illness have prevented me from acknowledging your gift sooner, and I find I am too late to call on Mr. George H. Taylor and thank him for being the bearer thereof.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

W. S. SLOAN, ESQ.

### Art Notes.

AT L. C. Tiffany & Co.'s show-rooms, Mr. DeForest's collection of modern East Indian and Persian art-work is on exhibition. Rugs, prints, and embroideries; metal-work—engraved, hammered, stamped, inlaid; carvings in stone and wood, etc.—all these, taken together, give an excellent idea of the present state of art in Hindostan and the neighboring countries. What will surprise many is the subdued, not to say dingy, general effect which all this splendor produces, and which is the exact opposite of that which we are accustomed to attribute to Oriental art. Some of the wood-carvings, for window-screens and doorways, are especially elaborate and striking.

One of the most picturesque and interesting plates in the series of American Etchings is Thomas Moran's view of 'Three Mile Harbor, Long Island,' which has just appeared (Part XIII.). Mr. Moran has brought home from his recent trip to Great Britain many studies of English, Welsh, and Scottish scenery, some of which he will utilize in future etchings.

\* (1) Romney and Lawrence. By Lord Ronald Gower. (2) Overbeck. By J. Beavington Atkinson. (3) Correggio. By M. Compton Heaton. \$1 each. (*The Great Artists*.) New York: Scribner & Welford.

The re-opening of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park is signalized by the exhibition of a number of tapestries which acceptably replace many of the modern European pictures in the gallery at the rear of the building. The paintings that remain are made strangely gray by the comparatively warm tone of the hangings above them. A large collection of moderately good specimens of Japanese lacquer has been added to the other gifts of the late Mr. Whitney Phoenix to the Museum. The re-arrangement of the remainder of this collection has led to some confusion in the labelling of specimens, certain carvings in wood being marked 'antique gold-lacquer.' The hand of the mender is visible in the cases of old Venetian glass, some articles which were broken before the closing of the Museum now appearing whole; but there does not seem to have been any attempt to form complete new objects out of unrelated fragments. Some little effort has been made to classify by periods the excellent Marquand collection of antique Roman glass-ware. The collection of gems belonging to Mr. J. T. Johnston has disappeared, and a somewhat heterogeneous lot of casts from ancient and modern engraved stones has taken its place. The supposed Rubens has returned from the picture-cleaner's. The Museum has now, apparently, settled down for the winter, and everything being unalterably fixed, the attendants have so easy a time that it certainly would not hurt them if the place were kept open for a few hours on Sunday.

Mr. Francis Seymour Haden, the most eminent of living etchers, has met with a cordial reception in this country; the most formal demonstration in his honor having been made by the Lotos Club on Saturday evening last, when a number of artists and physicians of note were invited to meet the distinguished visitor, and to examine a collection of 107 of his etchings, which hung upon the walls of the rooms. Mr. Haden is at present sojourning up the Hudson, and it is hoped will be tempted to put upon paper some of his impressions of that beautiful stream. As to his promised lectures, the first will be delivered at the Hawthorne rooms, in Boston, on Monday, the 27th inst., and the two remaining ones of the course on the 29th inst. and December 1st. Mr. Haden will then lecture in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati and Brooklyn, ending with New York, in February, perhaps.

Mr. S. A. Koehler, who edited the defunct *American Art Review*, has become Editor of the *Magazine of Art*, in place of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. The December number is the first under the new management.

### The Drama

MRS. LANGTRY, the professional beauty, has been trying for a fortnight to convince American audiences that she is also a professional actress. She has simpered, smirked, and assumed the varied postures which a long experience in the photographers' studios has taught her. Her charms have been discussed, admitted, or denied. Pallid youths, who treasure actresses' portraits, who adorn their rooms with presentments of Miss Lillian Russell in a Gainsborough hat, have voted the newcomer 'immense.' Men of riper judgment consider her doll-like and insipid. The ladies, of course, see nothing in her. And the critics abandon their oracular tripods, put off their character of dramatic sages, and point out the physical advantages of the new beauty as a curator of the Louvre or the British Museum might point out the marble graces of the Venus of Milo or a Venus Callipyge. 'Observe, gentlemen, the curve of the back. Sculptors particularly admire the fall of the haunches, and the swell of the bust has never been rivalled by human chisel.'

The case is without precedent. All that the good will of newspapers and the humbug of showmen could do, was done with a will. Even the erotic dodge, the most disgraceful device of modern puffery, which was found so effective in the cases of Mme. Ambre and Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, was not disdained by the baser elements of metropolitan society, and little Cackleby went on his rounds through the clubs and drawing-rooms with his nods and shrugs, his whispered stories, and 'We could an if we would,' and the rest of it. Thousands of reputable persons have been persuaded that Mrs. Langtry, who is an entirely honest woman, is no better than she should be, and have hastened, immediately after hearing the story, to pay in their money at the box-office. One can almost hear the discourse of Boulton and his employer in 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre':

'Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?'

'I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs. I have drawn her picture with my voice.'

'And I prythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?'

'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament.'

Mr. Henry Abbey is not to blame. He has merely engaged his 'star' and taken his chance. Mr. Lester Wallack is not to blame. He has merely lent his new theatre and filled it, for the first time, with a

large audience. Mrs. Langtry is not to blame. Foolish English critics have misled her with their praise; and doubtless she frankly believes that she is something more than a pretty woman. All the responsibility for this exhibition of snobbery and vulgarity rests with the spectators, three-quarters of whom are by this time heartily ashamed of themselves. How eagerly they gobbled honest Boulton's descriptions. There was the Spaniard whose 'mouth so water'd.' Was not he in the list at Wallack's on the opening night? Did he not sit there resplendent 'with his best ruff on?' And the French knight, who 'offered to cut a caper at the proclamation.' What haste he made 'to scatter his crowns in the sun.' If a woman who steps from the drawing-room to the stage, if a woman who has only her looks to commend her, if a woman who displays her charms as in a slave-mart, could only know what the men would say of her, could only hear the commentaries of the Spaniard and the French knight, she would understand the shame of the hapless Marina, and would utter Marina's prayer:

O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhalloved place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air.

Moreover, Mrs. Langtry has been specially presented as a court-beauty, and she could scarcely come with worse recommendations. Court life is known to Americans chiefly by the histories, the diaries, the novels of the Georgian period, and the women whose silks rustle and whose diamonds flash through the pages of George Selwyn and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are hardly more estimable than the women who nightly congregate in the dance-salons that surround Mr. Wallack's theatre. They lived in the period which Thackeray has called the period of king-worship, 'when beauty and youth tripped eagerly for royal favor, and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor.' One or two of them alone were of honest repute, and the fame of the Duchess of Devonshire has been preserved by a painter and that of the Duchess of Queensberry by a poet. The rest were jades, shameless and corrupt. And while the character of the Victorian court has changed, while it is led by a prince who has outlived the follies of his youth, while it is graced by a princess whose virtues are proverbial, its company seems pretty nearly as heartless, as idle, as vicious as of old, and the chroniclers of fashionable scandals, the editors of modern society papers, are kept just as busy as their predecessors, who faithfully preserved the record of George the Fourth's intrigues. Mrs. Langtry has merely touched the rim of this society. She does not belong to it; she has not been spoiled by it. She has sipped tea at a few garden-parties, where the men talked horses and the women talked spiteful gossip; she has danced at a few balls where the Prince of Wales led the cotillion; she has attended a few concerts where the Duke of Edinburgh played the fiddle; and if these achievements make her a social wonder, why, then, many American girls can claim the same distinction.

Her personal attractions each can judge for himself. Her histrionic capacity belongs to the domain of the dramatic reviewer. Her first play, Tom Taylor's comedy, 'An Unequal Match,' was doubtless selected by her mentor, Mrs. Labouchère, because it bore a sort of resemblance to the incidents of Mrs. Langtry's career, and because in the adventures of Hester Grazebrook the audience might trace the passage of the pretty Miss Le Breton from the quiet Jersey deanery into the glare of London life. 'What she has herself experienced,' said Mrs. Labouchère, a well-known actress of the past, 'that she will be able to portray.' But here Mrs. Labouchère counted without her author. Mr. Tom Taylor had no intention of making his heroine the daughter of a dignitary of the church. On the contrary, he made her a blacksmith's daughter, tending the house, milking the cows, and having no other ambition in marriage than to live in the keeper's lodge with the roses over the porch and the beehives under the honey-suckle. He wanted her to be what Dorothy is in the poem—a clear-faced, strong-armed, rough-handed lass, playing and reaping and harvesting in the fields; for otherwise his story was pointless, presenting no contrast between past and present, between the life of the country and the life of the town. And Mrs. Langtry's unfitness for the stage will be seen primarily and immediately in this, that she cannot assume the slightest air of rusticity, that she carries the milk-pail as though she were carrying a casket of diamonds, that she minces her gait and speech as though she were in a drawing-room rather than the hayfield. She has neither mimicry nor imagination to aid her, and knows nothing of the conventional modes of representing bucolic habits on the stage. Thus Miss Kate Hodson, who plays the part of Bessy Hebblethwaite, the serving-maid, quickly draws the interest of the audience, and before the end of the first act Mrs. Langtry's pretty face is forgotten.

Hester Grazebrook, it will be remembered, marries Sir Harry Arncliffe. She determines to learn fashionable ways. She gets up very early to practice her scales. 'One, two, three, four.' And as Mrs. Langtry sits at the piano, with graceful ease and well-bred air, the spectator cries out, 'For goodness sake, my dear lady, don't sit strumming there. Play me a little music, a Chopin valse, a Mendels-



sohn lied,' and the illusion is gone. This is plainly no country girl. It is all a charade, amateur theatricals for a wet afternoon. Cousin Kate dressed up in the housemaid's clothes and pretending she can't play the piano. This feeling is fatal to the serious development of the play. Sir Harry Arncliffe, being ill and wishing to hide his condition from his wife, determines to go to Ems without her. Mrs. Montessor, a woman of fashion who had formerly loved Sir Harry, determines to follow him. Hester, hearing that Mrs. Montessor is trying to capture her husband, confronts her. To the true actress the scene offers an excellent opportunity; an opportunity like that of Adrienne Lecouvreur when face to face with her rival. Nay, a better; for there is a touch of pathos in the sudden revolt of the little, despised, ignorant, country wife, choking down her tears, and with a voice that trembles in spite of itself defying a heartless jilt; then remembering her own weakness, and quitting the room before she breaks down, leaving the audience to imagine the storm of weeping that will burst from her as soon as she is alone. As for Mrs. Langtry, she rants in a monotonous tone, without passion, without sincerity, without heart. Nobody sympathizes with her sorrow. Nobody is moved by her wrath. She scolds like a fish-fag, then bounces out of the room, and that is all. We have never witnessed a more impotent piece of acting.

'Wait,' said her friends, 'wait for the third act. Here she is herself—a woman of society. Here she will astonish you.' Arncliffe and Mrs. Montessor are at Ems. Mrs. Montessor is troubled by the news that a fascinating Englishwoman is coming to drink the waters. The Duke of Seidlitz-Stinkinggen has been captivated by the newcomer. He has given serenades, water-parties, stag-hunts in her honor. For her the fountains play; for her the best rooms are kept in the hotel. Well, it is Hester Grazebrook. Hester, with astonishing facility, has learned all the tricks of society and comes to beat Mrs. Montessor with her own weapons. Mrs. Langtry, say her friends, is now Mrs. Langtry. But she is just the same as before. Her lines are delivered a little more glibly; her manner is a trifle livelier. Otherwise she is, as always, an amiable, well bred young English woman, always pleasing to the eye, never satisfactory to the intellect. If Mrs. Langtry would wear the real aristocratic air, if she would know how the *grandes dames* of the theatre comport themselves, we recommend her to return as soon as possible to Paris, where she may study the bearing of that incomparable actress, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, and strive to imitate the nobility of presence which is begotten by elevation of mind.

Of course, her Rosalind was a fiasco. To attempt a reading of a Shakespearian character, rendered illegible by two centuries of commentators, is egregious folly in a novice, and Rosalind is subtle beyond all the rest. Of the famous actresses who have enacted her some are remembered for the way they wore their trousers, some for their mirth, some for their melancholy. Most of Mrs. Langtry's auditors were concerned to see how she would wear her trousers. They got little satisfaction for their money. Nay, had Mrs. Langtry appeared in the garb of Aphrodite, we doubt if they would have been satisfied. Who could endure the matchless lines of Rosalind recited in a school-girl's sing-song? Who could see the joyous jests that have bubbled through the ages evaporate into unutterable staleness? Those who had been charitable to Hester Grazebrook turned away their faces from Rosalind. Those who had thought Mrs. Langtry might develop into an actress of coquettes sat silent and depressed. 'At any rate,' said they, as they rose to go, 'one thing you must admit—she is a pretty woman.'

Yes. We admit it. She is a pretty woman. But just as certainly she is nothing more. As an actress she can never rise higher than burlesque, comic opera, and 'leg-pieces' generally. As a woman she has made herself a fair target for the scorn which all right-minded persons shot at that foolish fribble, Mr. Oscar Wilde. We would speak of her more kindly, were she exhibited less cynically, flattered less impudently. As matters stand, the criticism which is silent is dishonest. Let the professional beauties of England keep within their own domain. The American stage wants none of them.

## Music

### The Symphony Society's First Concert.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Symphony Society presented a programme which contained only the names of Beethoven and Wagner—two masters, each of whom stands alone and unapproached in the school of art which he has created. This Society, which was founded by Dr. Damrosch only four years ago, has met with remarkable prosperity. From the comparatively small Steinway Hall, it has this year removed to the Academy of Music. As an appropriate introduction to the new home of its orchestra, and to the new season, Dr. Damrosch selected Beethoven's 'The Consecration of the House' as the opening number of the concert. This beautiful overture was written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna, in 1823, but was not played on that occasion, being heard for the first time in a

concert given under Beethoven's own direction, in 1824. The brilliancy of the work which, in its leading subjects, reminds us of Handel's greatest choruses, adapts it admirably for an introduction to a season of classical music. It is familiar to all lovers of music, and it is sufficient to say here that it was rendered in excellent style by Dr. Damrosch's orchestra.

The performance of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony was in many respects open to criticism. The great fault was that every movement, with the single exception of the *Adagio*, was taken so fast that many of the finest effects were spoiled. The first part, *Allegro con Brio* was taken in *presto* time. On several occasions Dr. Damrosch introduced an *accelerando* or a *ritardando* unwarranted by the best authorities of our times. The massive, heroic character of the movement suffered greatly by reason of the *tempo* in which it was taken. The *Scherzo*, with the beautiful *Trio* which follows, was indistinct and blurred for the same reason. The romantic horn passage which opens the *Trio* passed unnoticed, and the triumphant *Finale* lost most of its light and beauty by being hurried along, as if both conductor and orchestra were tired of their evening's work and anxious to get away.

The novelty of the evening, on which the interest of the audience was concentrated, was the *Finale* of the first act of Wagner's latest music-drama, 'Parsifal.' All lovers of music will thank Dr. Damrosch for making them acquainted with this interesting work. Scenic effects and stage paraphernalia are an important factor in Wagner's operas, and it is hardly possible to imagine that Mr. Remmertz, in evening dress, comfortably seated by Dr. Damrosch's side, is in reality Amfortas, the chief of the keepers of the Holy Grail. In spite of all such drawbacks, however, the scenes selected for concert performance were very interesting. Until we can have Wagner's later works in their entirety, we must be grateful for the scraps and bits which Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Thomas see fit to throw to us from time to time.

### First Concert of the Philharmonic Society.

MR. THOMAS has always been noted for his skill in arranging an artistic and satisfactory programme. The selection which he produced at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society's forty-first season showed a pleasing combination of musical intelligence, and acute, business-like comprehension of the popular taste.

The opening number, last Saturday, was a new work, Mr. Frederick H. Cowen's Scandinavian Symphony, which made a most pleasing impression on the audience that crowded the Academy. It is a bright, tuneful work, which, if it lacks originality, yet reminds us pleasantly of the best orchestral works of Mendelssohn, Gade, and Raff, and is evidently intended to express the impressions of the author during a sojourn in the countries from which he has taken its title. Each movement of the symphony introduces some plaintive, sombre air, characteristic of the beautiful northern country, with its lakes and fjords, mountains and rushing streams. Other themes, strong and bright, give us glimpses of the hardy natives. The new work will undoubtedly gain wide popularity. For our own part, we hope soon to have another chance of hearing it.—Mr. Thomas, in selecting the Introduction to 'Parsifal,' showed his superior judgment in choosing a portion of that work for concert representation. It is a part that can be understood and enjoyed without assistance from scenic effects. The overture is one of the most impressive of Wagner's works yet given here, and it was rendered by the Philharmonic Society in faultless style.—Miss Emma Thursby sang a beautiful aria of Mozart, 'Mia Speranza,' and Liszt's setting of Heine's 'Loreley,' in a very creditable manner; and an excellent performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony brought the concert to a close.

### Musical Notes.

THE musical event of last week was the re-appearance of Mme. Patti in Italian opera. The famous diva has sung thus far in 'Lucia,' 'La Traviata,' and 'Faust,' and has demonstrated again her right to the title of Queen of the Lyric Stage. Her voice is still fresh and powerful; her appearance still winsome; her acting full of interest; her vocal art perfection itself. Her support by the Mapleson company has been very unsatisfactory. A star less brilliant would have been fog-hidden by the heterogeneous crowd that has surrounded her. The performances in which Madame Patti has not appeared—'The Huguenots,' 'L'Africaine' and others—are not worth criticising.

Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Iolanthe' or, the Peer and the Peri' will be produced in this city on Saturday next, November 25. The satire of the new operetta is aimed at the forms of procedure in the highest English court. Mr. Gilbert introduces the Lord Chancellor, who discusses with the knights and nobles of the realm the knotty questions, whether he, having fallen in love with the rustic maiden Phyllis, his ward in chancery, can legally give his own consent to his own marriage to his own ward; or, if he marry without this consent, whether he can commit himself for contempt of his own court, and if committed

whether he can appear by counsel before himself and move for arrest of his own judgment. The necessary contrast of characters is provided by the introduction of the Fairy Queen and her attendants, from one of whom the piece derives its name. Immediately after its production here, 'Iolanthe' will be seen at the new Bijou Theatre, in Boston, and the Lyceum Theatre, Philadelphia.

The first concert of chamber-music this season by the Philharmonic Club was given at Chickering Hall on Wednesday last. The pro-

gramme was skilfully arranged. After a quartet by Haydn, the father of the modern form of chamber-music, the Club, assisted by other instruments, played three minor pieces, until it reached the climax in Rubinstein's Octet in D, with Mme. Schiller at the piano. The Haydn quartet in D major, which is one of the best known and most interesting of the eighty which he wrote, was executed by Messrs. Arnold, Richter, Gramm, and Werner with great finish and admirable taste.

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